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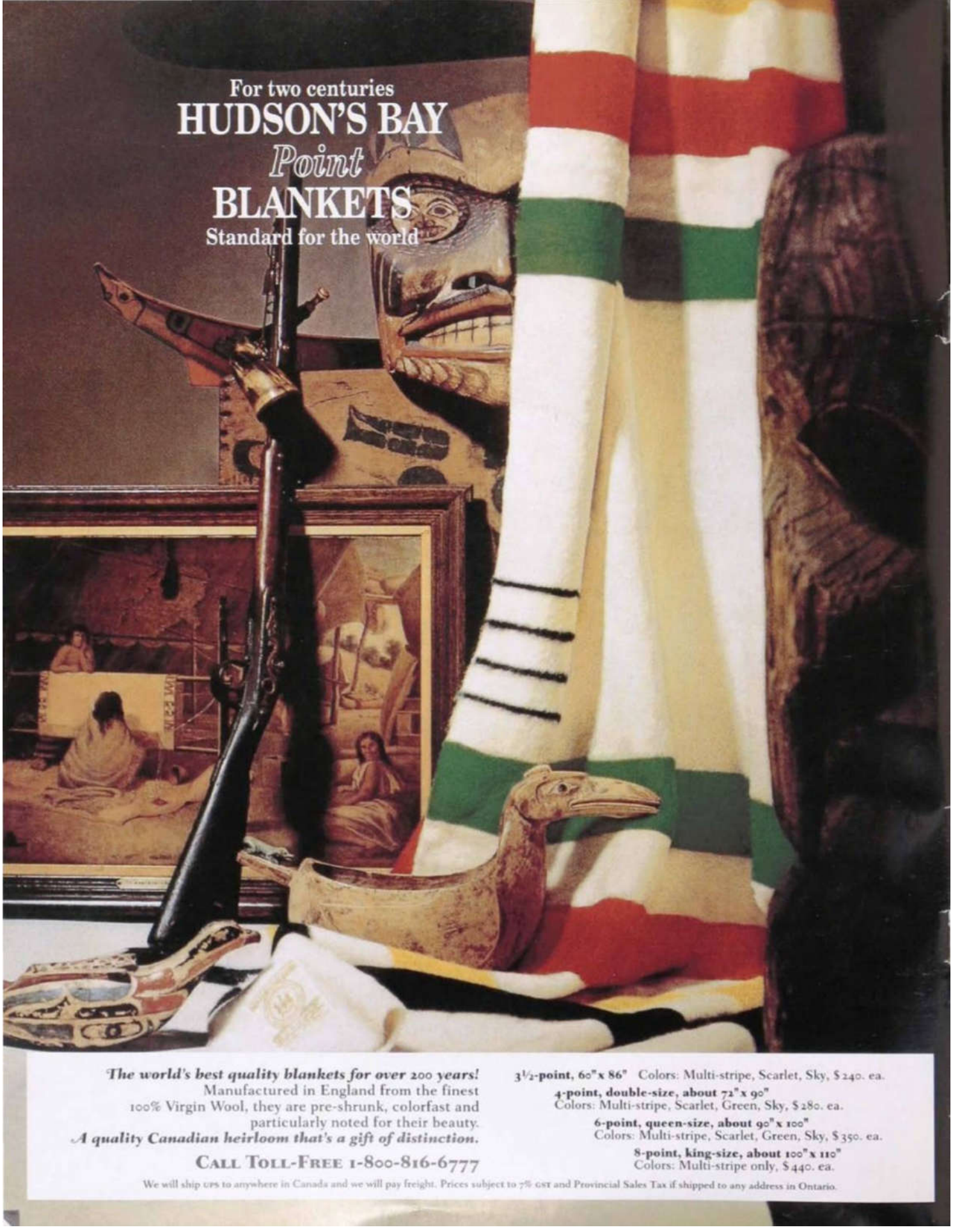

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The Beaver

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On the cover: *Henry Hudson cast adrift by his crew, June 23, 1611*, by Daisy Radcliffe Beresford, 1933. Courtesy Hudson's Bay Company.

Letters

The *Beaver* welcomes readers' comments. E-mail us at <cnhs@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478–167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada R3B 0T6. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

Picture palace

RE: KINGS OF THE SHIELD [April/May 1999]. Beautifully written article. A sense of place, pride, and perseverance.

Just one minor point. I would suggest that the Hollinger No. 26 shaft does not look like a feudal castle, but is reminiscent of the fortified palaces of Florence built by the Medicis and their rivals – shrewd and ruthless men with a taste for gold and all other precious metals.

Martin Bailey
Weyburn, Saskatchewan

Angulalik on Angulalik

I READ WITH GREAT GRATITUDE AND FONDNESS of my late father's trial and it gave me a lot of emotional feelings – hurt, anger, sadness, and happiness ["Angulalik's Trial," April/May 1999].

I am the ninth child of Ekvana and Angulalik, and I had a good upbringing. I am proud to be his daughter: he had given me so many values – no money involved – which I shall treasure for the rest of my life. He had a keen interest in economic development, recording vital statistics, coordinating recreational events, and yes he had charm, wits, guts, charisma, and an eye-sore smile which could melt your heart. His most memorable times were when he used to live the traditional way – hunting, fishing, and migrating with the game. He longed to live the life of his father, grandfather, and family's way of long ago, and would shed tears for that longing. But I can conserve and preserve his knowledge and the skills he taught me. I can record elders' stories and share them with others. I have ways of keeping my culture strong and alive.

Thank you Robin [for your story] on my father. I shall treasure it always.

Martha Makok Angulalik
Cambridge Bay, Nunavut

Counting memories

I WOULD LIKE TO COMMENT on the article in the February/March issue about the Athabasca Tar Sands and the Count von Hammerstein.

When I was a little girl, four or five years old, my parents went to live in Lac La Biche, Alberta, and the Count and Mrs. von Hammerstein became an important part of the lives of two little girls – my cousin and me.

The Count was a great companion for both children and adults. He played the flute and my mother accompanied him on the piano. Occasionally he played the piano and sang in a quavery voice. We had a sacred song, "An Angel's Prayer," and I recall an occasion when two little girls giggled (unknown to parents) behind the piano, while the Count sang, "Down a vake of angels' vings, vinnowing the air."

After he sold his salt interest in Fort McMurray, they moved there. He travelled to Edmonton frequently and visited with my dad, who was the railway agent in Lac La Biche. On one of his trips, he left an envelope addressed "Miss Mary Watson, for her own use and benefit only." It contained a small piece of cotton batting, a present for my birthday. This was a mystery until his next trip. He was amazed that I didn't know there was a kiss in the bit of batting.

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The last time I saw him he was just out of hospital. He hadn't liked his nurse – said she was bad medicine for him. When he was discharged, she said, "Hope we'll see you again soon." On the way out, he fell and broke his leg, and went back into the room he had just left.

At one time, Mrs. von Hammerstein received from England a collection of beautiful handmade dolls to go to the deserving poor, but two favoured little girls each got a doll. The Count named mine Tabitha Timkins. Tabitha can now be seen at the Alberta Provincial Museum.

C. Mary Watson
Edmonton, Alberta

Shades of Grey

THERE IS A TENDENCY on the part of most writers, when describing the life of Grey Owl, [April/May 1999] to emphasize his foibles, on the one hand, and his triumphs on the other, thus missing the most heart-wrenching aspects of his contributions to mankind – namely, his ability to articulate a message in such an interesting and moving way that the reader is moved by his or her identification with nature and all her inhabitants.

Henry David Thoreau once said, "A man has not seen a thing who has not felt it." Grey Owl felt things very deeply. He was a romantic, among other things, and as his life can attest, he experienced and touched the soul of the creator by his spirit of kinship with wildlife, trees, water, and the original peoples of North America. His abilities related to observation, all unparalleled.

Rich Gralewski, Jelly Roll Enterprises
Santa Barbara, California

Too much weight?

I READ WITH INTEREST the article "The Physiological Prowess of the Voyageur" by Drs. Lavoie and Lappage [June/July 1999]. Although the feats of the voyageurs are extremely impressive, the actual weight of the bundles or *pièces* they carried is unclear to me due to the complicated history of the pound and the many definitions of the pound used throughout history. Although it is commonly noted that the voyageurs' *pièces* weighed 90 lbs each, or approximately 40 kg, (see Eric Morse, *Fur Trade Canoe Routes of Canada / Then and Now*, p. 7), C. Stuart Houston, in his excellent editing of Robert Hood's *To the Arctic by Canoe 1819-1821*, notes that Hood listed the weight of a *pièce* as 90 Tlbs. Houston reminds the reader that:

> "Tlb. is an abbreviation for 'troy pounds'. A Troy Pound, now a jeweler's measure of gold and silver, contains only 12 ounces of 480 grains each. Our regular avoirdupois pound has 16 ounces of 437½ grains each. Ninety troy pounds was equal to just over 74 avoirdupois pounds", where the avoirdupois pound is the pound commonly used today.

In England, I believe that the troy pound became illegal to use in 1878. It is unclear to me which pound (troy or avoirdupois) was commonly used in Canada by the voyageurs, and therefore the actual weight of the loads they carried. Even if the actual weight of a *pièce* was in fact some 20% less than is commonly described, the feats of the voyageurs were still impressive, but it may help to explain some of the uncertainties raised in the article.

Philip Marsh
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan

New look, cont'd

I READ WITH DISMAY the letters criticizing your new look [April/May 1999]. I have been a subscriber for some years, but until recently, it was more from a sense of duty than any pleasure. I found the erudite articles almost impossible to grind through, and the subjects had all the appeal of an in-house newsletter to an outsider. Imagine my delight when you changed! As a history buff, I began to enjoy the articles, and what a relief it was not to have to wade through endless paragraphs of fine print. The photographs were excellent, well-chosen, and appealing. What do these greybeards want in a magazine, a 1910 textbook? Please understand that some of us really appreciate what you have done. Congratulations.

Dorothy Jane Needles
Rosemont, Ontario

The Mac-Paps: Another view

IN URGING READERS to keep on "Remembering the Mac-Paps" [April/May 1999, "Currents"], I wonder if you would wish us to remember that

> a) they fought under the flag of the Communist International (Comintern);
> b) as minions of the Comintern they (i) abetted (perhaps unwittingly, but nonetheless truly) the NKVD roundup and execution in Spain of "Trotskyites"; (ii) helped make it possible for the USSR to remove the Spanish gold supply to Moscow; and (iii) were subject to an organization whose official rules of admission required loyalty to an executive committee in Moscow and not to the Canadian government or people;
> c) many of the Mac-Paps failed to join the Canadian armed forces in 1939 because the USSR attributed the Second World War to British and French imperialism and not to fascism. The war against Germany, they said, was an "unjust" one.

Many of the Mac-Paps were indeed heroic, idealistic, and principled; many were not. Some had no idea that they were in reality agents of Stalin's USSR; others must have known. Certainly, the Communist Party of Canada knew who was in charge. Read their documents of that time.

The Mac-Paps were a diverse group, with mixed reasons for participating in a civil war in a sovereign country. Interest groups can give them all the monuments they like, but the notion that they should be recognized by the federal government as veterans is ideological nonsense.

I have no desire to tarnish the record of the sincere warriors against fascism in Spain. But neither Canada, nor any other country, went to war to fight an "ism" – they went to war to stop an expansionist Germany. Like Canadian veterans of the Vietnam War, the Mac-Paps can be termed veterans of the Canadian Armed Forces only if they fought in a Canadian uniform for Canada. That is how it should be.

J.L Black, Director
Centre for Research on Canadian-Russian Relations
Ottawa, Ontario

Native perspectives

Originally, the feathered headdress was the attire of Northern Plains natives, such as the Lakota and Cheyenne, reserved for men of high status as symbols of their leadership and skill as warriors. By the late nineteenth century, however, as public interest in the West grew in the wake of intensified conflict between natives and Euro–North Americans, the headdress began to take on a larger life, appearing in travelling shows, paintings, novels, and, later, film, incorrectly ascribed to Plains and non-Plains natives alike. But then a curious thing happened: native people outside Plains cultures themselves began to adopt the feathered bonnet, and so what had once been exclusive became inclusive, with new meanings for both natives and nonnatives.

"Indian" neon sign

AUTRY MUSEUM OF WESTERN HERITAGE

Such is the complex relationship between colonized and colonizers in North America being explored in Calgary in the Glenbow Museum's current exhibit, *Powerful Images, Portrayals of Native America*, on view until September 26. Mounted in cooperation with a consortium of ten North American museums dedicated to the history and culture of the West, the exhibit examines the ways that native North Americans have been represented both from within their own cultures and without in nineteenth- and twentieth-century art and imagemaking.

Quilled Siksia (Blackfoot) shirt, nineteenth century

GLENBOW MUSEUM

From without, native people have been largely stereotyped with a catalogue of generalized images—tomahawks, tepees, totem poles, Tonto—that advance the notion that the first peoples of North America had a single and unchanging culture—that they were frozen in time. From within native culture, the story is far more complex, as native artists and craftsmen have both incorporated Euro–North American materials, styles, and images into their painting and sculpture (often simply to make their work acceptable to patrons in order to make a living) and struggled to explore their own sense of their identity and culture.

To explore all this, *Powerful Images* includes material ranging from painting and sculpture to children's toys, movie posters, and neon signs. And there are a few feathered headdresses, too.

Northern exposure

When last you read about Ian and Sally Wilson (in the June/July 1999 issue of the *Beaver*), the paddlin' pair had completed an arduous 2,000-kilometre canoe trip from Grand Portage on Lake Superior to Cumberland House, Saskatchewan in emulation of the voyageurs of old. It was early October and it was snowing when they arrived in northern Saskatchewan, which should give you a clue about chapter two.

Yes, the saga continued. Three months in a canoe wasn't enough. No, sir. In the eighteenth century, voyageurs were encouraged to winter over and become *hommes du nord*, the strongest and fastest of them all, trading goods for furs and delivering mail packets between posts. The Wilsons determined to do no less. So they spent six weeks in a toboggan, pulled by seven dogs, travelling an old trail from Cumberland House to The Pas, Manitoba, north to Sturgeon Landing, Cranberry Portage, and the country around Clearwater Lake – a 1,200-kilometre trek. As they did on their canoe trip, they dressed the part (albeit in warmer fashion to counter the winter weather), cooked over open fires, and supped on bannock and dried meat. In preparation for their winter adventure, they made snowshoes, built a carriole toboggan, sewed blanket coats, and

Who is that masked man?

Have you seen the man on the left below?

Of course you haven't. But some recent ancestor of yours may have, and he or she may have purchased one of this curious gentleman's postcards as he made his way (or so it is believed) through Quebec City, Montreal, and Ottawa en route to New York in 1909 with his baby carriage and his rather smothering chapeau.

His name was Harry Bensley, and as the script on his perambulator attests, he was walking around the world. Seems an odd and faintly unproductive activity, but Bensley, according to sources who swear this is true, was doing so on a bet between none other than American millionaire J.P. Morgan and flamboyant English sporting personality Hugh Cecil Lowther, 5th Earl of Lonsdale. Seems J.P. and his lordship, having nothing better to do one day in their London club, were having a bit of a chin wag about whether a man could walk around the world. Lonsdale bet a man could; Morgan bet he couldn't. Bensley, all of 17, formerly of Thetford, Norfolk and the British Army, overheard, and offered to settle the bet himself by taking on the task. Lonsdale backed him. But just to make things interesting, Morgan added a few conditions. Bensley had to push a pram through the whole exercise; he had to wear an iron mask; he had to find a

IAN AND SALLY WILSON

trained the dogs. In fact, the only way in which they departed from the way of life experienced by the original *hommes du nord* was in the food they fed the dogs – packaged dog chow instead of traditional fish, which was deemed too heavy.

Yes, it was cold – some days -35°C, and there was an extended snowstorm. But, says Ian, who is currently writing their memoirs for publication next fall (working title: *Wilderness Journey*), they forgot about the hardships and concentrated instead on the adventure. And, of course, they could always count themselves lucky winter has a way of dealing with mosquitoes.

wife on his journey without removing the mask, and he could only carry £1 and had to pay his way by selling postcards. Oh, and he was allowed one change of underwear and one companion (the chap on the right, presumably).

Sounds like ritual abuse to us, but the bet was for £21,000, the equivalent of about a million dollars today, and so a masked Bensley merrily set off from Trafalgar Square New Year's Day, 1908 and turned left down The Strand. Six and a half years, 30,000 miles, and 200 marriage proposals later, Bensley gets a telegram. Bet's off.

It was that pesky World War I. J.P. was nervous about his money. Harry gets a £4,000 consolation prize, but he gives it to charity, and thenceforth relinquishes his fifteen minutes of fame, or silliness, or whatever you want to call it. He dies in Brighton in 1970.

Now, historians on both sides of the Atlantic are keen to glean the exact details of Bensley's peculiar but largely undocumented trip, including the Canadian portion. So, ye who live in the St. Lawrence–Ottawa River region, check those ancient family albums. Someone must have taken a picture of this nutter, or bought one of his postcards, or alerted the media. Geoffrey Corfield of 314 Stephen Street, London, Ontario, N6K 2N3 (telephone: 519-471-2465) awaits your findings.

A friend indeed

That march of history! The archival material it produces! Cities, towns, provinces, corporations, and universities all generate middens of interesting documents, records, and other material. Fortunately, these institutions are usually able to maintain the records most important to them.

But what of nationally significant *private* archival collections? Who will catalogue and house them? The National Archives of Canada will. Or, rather, would like to. But we live at a time when the growth of documents meets the downsizing decline of financial resources, and so there are challenges.

Enter The Friends of the National Archives. To help gather and protect unique private collections, as well as increase awareness of the works, services, and treasures of the National Archives, the Friends, a charitable, not-for-profit organization, is seeking financial support. So, Canadian history lovers, if you've got any loose change lying about, you are cordially invited send it to The Friends of the National Archives, 395 Wellington Street, Ottawa, Ontario, K1A 0N3. You can become a member for $15 (seniors, students, youths), $30 for individuals, $50 for families, and $75 for organizations. And you can always send more for the heck of it.

Website of the month

Like, *kewl*. Wanna read an original eighteenth-century Canadian book in the comfort of your own home? View the original pages? Find stuff easy? Now you can through Early Canadiana Online's new website (<www.canadiana.org>). The database contains the full text of more than 3,200 complete books and pamphlets originally published between the sixteenth and early twentieth centuries, including works on Canadian literature, women's history, travel and exploration, the history of French Canada, and native studies. For fun, we keyed in our last names and found a whole bunch of documents with people who may or may not be our ancestors. You can, too.

MICHIPICOTEN HERITAGE COMMITTEE

The HBC Michipicoten post circa 1900

Last post

Tin siding – an unremarkable cladding to be sure. But now we are obliged to cheer for tin, because the metal siding helped preserve a nineteenth-century Hudson's Bay Company trading post from turning into a pile of old logs. The HBC provision store, originally built in Michipicoten (near Wawa, Ontario) in 1876, in a spot that has seen two hundred years of fur-trading history, is now installed in the Canadian Canoe Museum, which opened in Peterborough two years ago. The Michipicoten store was solidly built, but when the HBC departed Michipicoten in 1904, the timbers were left to the elements. They survived several decades of heat, rain, and snow, however, and in 1952 found themselves incorporated into a warehouse for a local mill and covered with siding. When the warehouse, later abandoned, was being taken down in 1991, workers noticed hand-hewn beams and dovetail joints behind the rusty tin, and experts soon identified them as part of the former HBC provisioning store. With Michipicoten unable to raise the support to keep such a unique artifact in the community, the timbers moved 900 kilometres southeast to the Canadian Canoe Museum, where it has been reestablished as a trading-post display, complete with plank floors, a front counter, hanging animal pelts and tin lanterns, sacks, barrels, muskets, and HBC blankets. For the Canadian Canoe Museum, which houses the world's largest collection of canoes and kayaks, the resurrected trading post is an ideal addition. After all, the canoe was integral to the fur trade, and the fur trade was integral to the building of Canada.

KEN OSBORNE

Revisiting the History Classroom

The publication of Jack Granatstein's *Who Killed Canadian History?* in 1998 has served to crystallize what was until then a variety of diffuse concerns about the teaching of history in Canada. Granatstein cited recent surveys that showed many Canadians did not know even the most basic facts of Canadian history and that history had lost its traditional place in school curricula. He went on to argue that historians had lost touch with the public and were so preoccupied with diversity and difference that they no longer told the national story. To correct this state of affairs, he called for a return to national history, organized around a narrative of political development and embodied in a set of national standards.

It is certainly true that history has lost ground in Canadian school curricula over the last twenty years or so. In some provinces it has been merged into an interdisciplinary, current-affairs-oriented social studies. In some it has been made an elective rather than a compulsory course. In others it has simply been abandoned. Even when history remains on the curriculum, it often consists of more-or-less disconnected topics and case studies rather than telling a coherent story, national or otherwise. Curricula today emphasize skills rather than knowledge, learning to learn rather than learning a set body of subject matter, the vocational and the practical rather than citizenship.

To this extent, the critics of school history have a case. They have identified the problem. Whether their diagnosis and their suggested cures make sense is another question altogether.

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the current debate is its lack of comparative and historical context. We are presented with what we are told is a crisis – the death of history – but it appears in a vacuum. As a result we see it as unprecedented, and so reach for overly simplistic remedies without realizing that they have been tried and found wanting in years past.

In comparative terms, the problem is far from unique to Canada. Other countries are also troubled by the historical ignorance of their students, among them Germany, France, England, and the United States. Other countries are also debating what history to teach, as seen most conspicuously in recent years in the controversy surrounding England's national history curriculum and the United States' national history standards, and in the search for new curricula in post-apartheid South Africa, post-Soviet Eastern and Central Europe, and the countries of the former Soviet Union. In short, Canada is not alone in its concern for history teaching.

Nor is the problem without precedent. In 1975, Mel Hurtig found students to be profoundly ignorant of Canadian history and geography, a state of affairs which prompted him to begin work on the *Canadian Encyclopedia*. A few years earlier, in 1968, A.B.Hodgetts published his report on the state of history in Canada's schools, *What Culture? What Heritage?* He found that curricula were outdated, textbooks were boring, teachers were less than competent, and students were apathetic (except perhaps in their detestation of history).

Hodgetts said that his findings reflected the experience of the previous thirty years and, indeed, earlier reports bore him out. A 1953 investigation of history curricula found that school history was little more than a dried-out recital of factual information devoid of context or meaning. Academic submissions to the 1950 Massey Commission on the Arts bewailed what they described as the poor quality and ignorance of high school graduates. In the 1930s a variety of commentators lamented students' boredom with Canadian history. A 1933 survey of history textbooks found them to be reasonably objective, but deadly dull.

We should concentrate on the quality of teaching if we wish to improve the standing of history in the school.

There have been many similar complaints over the years, and they display a striking consistency. History did not excite students. It was too often a prolonged exercise in copying teachers' notes and reciting from the textbook. It stressed the memorization of factual information at the expense of meaning and understanding. Even this memorizing was ineffective since students

quickly forgot what they had learned. The past was not brought into any relationship with the present. As a result students found history boring, incomprehensible, and profitless.

There were and are good reasons for this. All too often teachers are assigned to teach history even though they have no background in the subject. Teachers' working conditions also make good teaching unnecessarily difficult, most obviously in the failure to give teachers the time they need to prepare interesting and challenging lessons.

All this suggests that we should concentrate on the quality of teaching if we wish to improve the standing of history in the school, though this of course assumes that there will be history in the curriculum to be taught. Thus, the very first step we need to take is to persuade ministries of education that history matters. Fortunately, some recent developments show that history is not as close to death as some fear. In 1995, the Quebec government appointed a powerful task force to return history to its rightful place in the curriculum. In 1997, the Manitoba government reversed its decision to remove Canadian history from the Grade 11 program, thanks largely part to sustained public pressure. Various organizations, among them the CRB Foundation and Canada's National History Society, have taken on the task of advancing the cause of history. And there is now talk of a multimillion-dollar foundation dedicated specifically to strengthening the teaching of history.

There is also much talk these days of a national history curriculum or of national standards as the solution to the problems we face. We certainly need some general agreement on what history students should learn, especially if history, as it should, is to contribute to a sense of democratic citizenship. But it is not at all clear that we need to cast such agreement in the form of national standards, which suggest an unnecessary level of specificity. The danger of national standards is that they risk reducing history to a catalogue of dates, names, and events. The risk is not inherently inevitable in the idea of standards, but it is there notwithstanding.

Even if we could somehow agree on just what national history should contain, a task that proved extremely controversial in England and the United States, it seems obvious that any attempt to define a national history curriculum or national standards would run into major political difficulties and would absorb considerable amounts of time, energy, and money. The attempt might nonetheless be worth making if as a result history teaching benefited. But the precedents are not encouraging. We had a de facto national curriculum from the 1920s to the 1960s, at least outside Quebec. Provincial curricula differed only in detail, presented much the same story of nation building, and were taught largely from the same textbooks. Nonetheless, we ended up with a state of affairs that Hodgetts described in 1968 as worse than useless.

Rather than spending time and resources on developing national standards, it would be more useful if historians could produce model curricula for the consideration of schools and the public at large. It is true that provincial ministries of education devote considerable effort to producing curricula, but history education has not benefited from the process. In the actual work of curriculum development, as presently constituted, the historian's voice is merely one among many, and not necessarily the most influential. What we need now is not more polemic and exhortation, but specific curriculum proposals.

More helpful yet would be a sustained attempt to work with the teachers who actually teach history. There is at present more good history teaching taking place in our schools than we have a right to expect. If nothing else, the abolition of provincial examinations and the general relaxation of curriculum controls in the 1970s liberated good teachers. Without the restraints of external examinations, teachers were free to employ measures that make history interesting for students – primary sources, getting beyond the textbook, field trips, imaginative assignments, research projects, local and family history, organizing history as problems to be explored, oral history, incorporating the expressive arts into teaching, role play and drama – these and many other methods of teaching have blossomed in recent years.

The important task in teaching history is first of all to instill in students an interest in and even a love for the past; second, to give them a sense of connectedness that enables them to locate the present in the context of the past and the future; third, to help them think historically – to become historically minded; fourth, to show them the range of human behaviour; and, fifth, to help them understand the nature of their country and the world of which it is a part. Obviously, none of this can be done without knowledge, but if we think of history teaching in these terms, rather than as so many facts to be learned or standards to be attained, then knowledge will inevitably result.

To do this requires more than a repertoire of teaching skills. It depends above all on teachers being comfortable with and confident in the subject matter they have to teach, which means that we must find ways by which hard-pressed teachers can keep up-to-date with developments in historical study and research. Here is an important role for historians. We have in Canada no organized national forum that brings together historians, teachers, and others interested in the teaching of history. The national conference on history teaching organized last January by the McGill Institute for the Study of Canada showed that teachers and historians share a common interest. What we need now is some organizational means of bringing them together. In our present circumstances, this, more than anything else, will advance the cause of history in our schools.

Ken Osborne began teaching history in 1961 at Daniel McIntyre Collegiate in Winnipeg. He then became a professor of education at the University of Manitoba, where he is now professor emeritus. His latest book is *Education: A Guide to the Canadian School Debate* (Penguin, 1999).

Further reading:

A.B. Hodgetts. *What Culture? What Heritage?* Toronto: Ontario Institute for Studies in Education, 1968.

Daniel Francis. *National Dreams: Myth, Memory, and Canadian History.* Vancouver: Arsenal Pulp Press, 1997.

by Carl Schuster

Into the Great Bay

Henry Hudson's mysterious final voyage

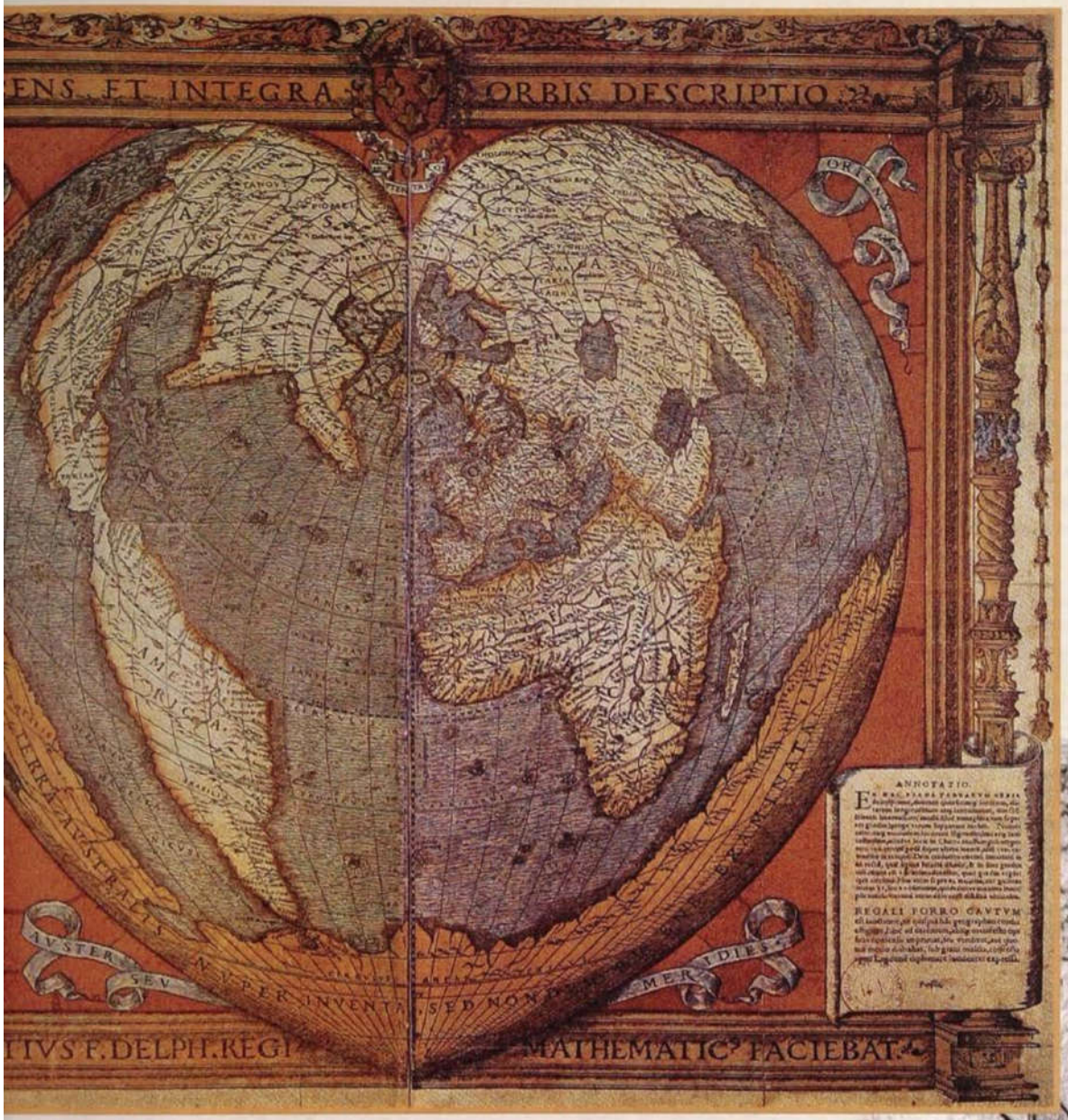
Tradition says Henry Hudson sailed into Hudson Bay and James Bay in 1610 in search of the fabled Northwest Passage. But why would a savvy sailor like Hudson think these two bays would lead the way to the Orient? Every clue pointed to a dead end. And yet, in a tactic that would lead to mutiny and death, Hudson stubbornly persisted in what seemed a futile quest. Was he really looking for the Northwest Passage? In this provocative new look at Hudson's final voyage, Carl Schuster argues that the English explorer was looking for no such thing.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-011727

Henry Hudson

We know very little about Henry Hudson before the voyages of his last four years, 1607–1611. His beginnings remain largely a mystery. But we do know this about him: that by the time he embarked on his fourth and last voyage, ostensibly in search of a shorter route to China, he was most certainly a seasoned high-latitude mariner for whose services great nations had competed. He could read the ocean the way a scholar reads a great piece of literature. He knew its colours, its rhythms, its taste, its scent, and what each designated. He possessed a state-of-the-art, seventeenth-century mariner's tool kit and could find the way with astrolabe and compass. And he had maps. At the beginning of the seventeenth century, the general dimensions of North America were known, and the list of maps showing the bay to which Hudson would give his name was extensive.

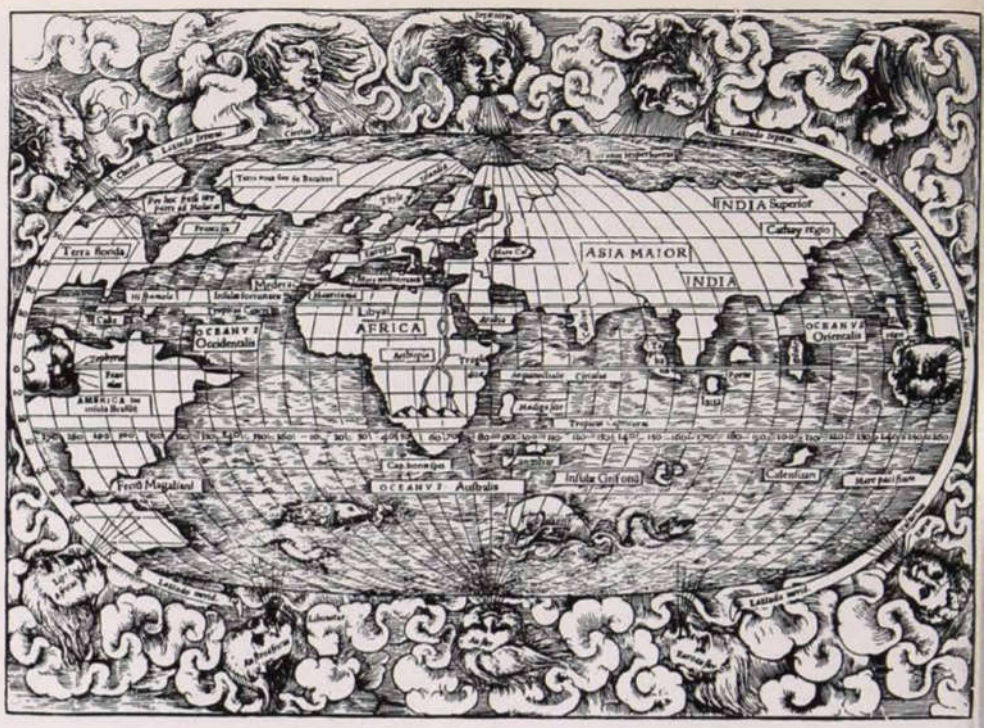
On April 17, 1610, this seasoned English mariner set sail with a crew of twenty-one from St. Katherine's Pool, London in a sixty-five-foot vessel, the *Discovery*, under contract to a group of merchant adventurers with close ties to the Crown to search – or so the story went – for the Northwest Passage. He headed for Greenland and Davis Strait via Iceland, his exploration of North America's east coast the year before having eliminated the possibility of the Northwest Passage being anywhere below 50° north latitude. On June 25, he guided the *Discovery* into Lumley's Inlet (now Hudson Strait) having correctly found the eastern portal of the Northwest Passage, located by explorer John Davis over two decades earlier. Then, six weeks later, on August 3, at Cape Wolstenholme, Hudson made a curious move – he turned due south. The movements of the tides, the conditions of the ocean, and his maps, which had shown Hudson Bay for a hundred



➤ **Recens, et Integra Orbis Descriptio** *by Oronce Finé* *Designed about 1519 for France's King Francis I by leading French cartographer Oronce Finé, this heart-shaped map was not published until 1534. The eastern coastline of north, central, and south America is, for the time, relatively accurately drawn. This early map also shows Hudson Bay (titled* Mare*), its four major river systems – the Nelson, Albany, Moose, and Nottaway – and their correct relative relationships.*

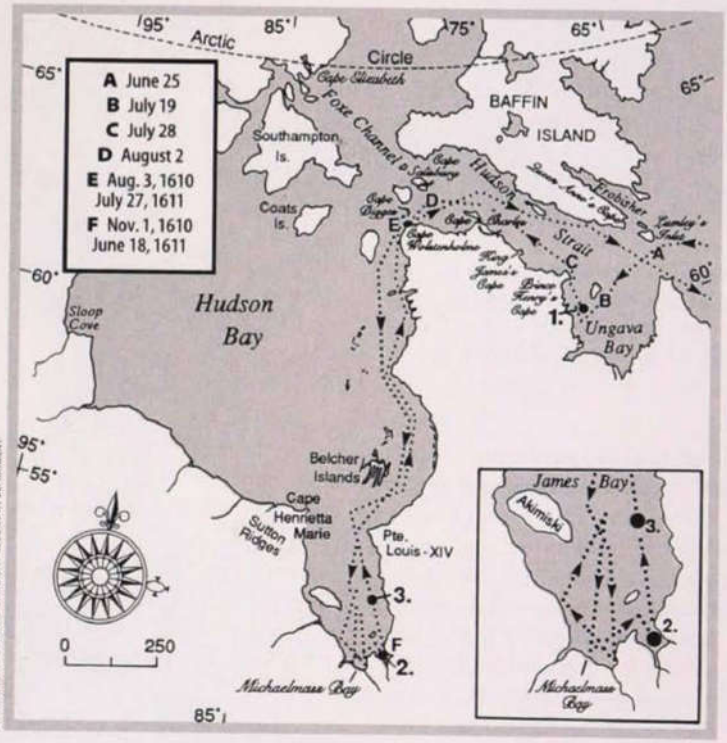
years, all strongly indicated the Northwest Passage lay further to the northwest. If seeking the Northwest Passage had truly been Hudson's mission, he would have continued sailing in that direction.

But he didn't. At Cape Wolstenholme, Hudson made an abrupt left turn and disappeared into history. What we know of the rest of the voyage comes to us courtesy of Abacuck Prickett, a surviving member of Hudson's mutinous crew, whose observations are geographically accurate. The *Discovery* descended the eastern shore of Hudson Bay to what is now Pointe Louis-XIV, transited James Bay to Akimiski Island, where Hudson took on ballast and water, then made four voyages up and down the west coast of James Bay. A miserable winter was spent in the neighbourhood of Waskaganish at James Bay's



➤ **Typus Orbis Universalis *by Sebastian Münster*** *Sebastian Münster, mathematician, geographer, and professor of Hebrew at Basel University based his 1540 map of the world on Claudius Ptolemy's second century renderings and on New World discoveries by explorers Giovanni da Verrazano (1522–1524) and Jacques Cartier (1534–1535). Note the deep cleft of water in North America between* florida *and* francisca. *Above the North American land mass is the legend "This strait leads through to the Moluccas."*

➤ **Detail of the Hudson Bay portion of Hudson's 1610 voyage** *Labels in script are the names Hudson used. The first mutiny occurred at 1., Hudson and his men overwintered at 2., and 3. is the general location where Hudson and a portion of his crew were forced into the shallop and cut adrift. The inset map shows a traditional interpretation of Hudson's manoeuverings in James Bay.*



CATHY CHAPIN / LAKEHEAD UNIVERSITY GEOGRAPHY DEPARTMENT

southeast corner, where temperatures routinely plunged below -45°C. Then, in the spring of 1611, rather than return to England, Hudson announced the continued examination of James Bay. His crew, sick and malnourished, mutinied and set Hudson, his son, and seven others adrift. They were never seen again. The fabled Northwest Passage, if that was the goal, remained as elusive as ever.

Hudson, history says, was seeking in James Bay an opening that would take him to the mythical Spice Islands and the riches of the Orient. But was he? A closer scrutiny of his movements, his masters, the state of cartography, and the intrigue of seventeenth-century politics suggests that the Northwest Passage was neither the ultimate purpose of Hudson's final voyage nor the subject of his preparation. Although his backers were closely connected to the Crown, no letters of introduction, no gifts for eastern potentates, and no trade goods were on board the *Discovery*. The declared search for the Northwest Passage was, I believe, a patent fraud, a cover story for the consumption of rivals, political enemies, even Hudson's own crew. Henry Hudson was not seeking the Northwest Passage. He sailed directly and intentionally into the cul-de-sac known today as James Bay. His manoeuvrings up and down the coast of James Bay were not purposeless wanderings. Any mariner worth his salt would have known on the first pass that there was no marine connection in that part of the world. Rather, Hudson was conducting a systematic search of James Bay, beginning at the westward shore and working eastwardly, using a sounding line to determine water depth, covering approximately sixteen-mile swaths at each pass. He and his crew completed sixty percent of

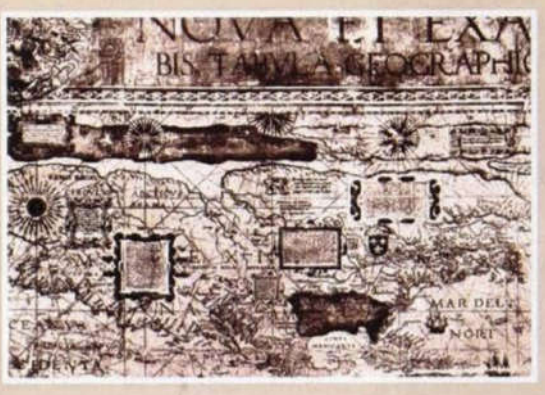
their search by the time winter set in and made the bay unnavigable. Hudson was, I believe, seeking something more tangible, more immediately valuable, more vital to his financial backers and to his nation, something worth risking his life for, something that necessitated his lying to his crew. Henry Hudson was searching for mineral wealth – copper, gold, lead, and silver – his own El Dorado. And the Precambrian shield of Hudson Bay has these minerals in abundance.

We do know at least that this Englishman's first two recorded voyages were for the Muscovy Company, an English company of merchants that originally sought a northeast passage to China and the East Indies. (One of the founders of the Muscovy Company in 1555 was another Henry Hudson, and the lists of this company are filled with Hudsons, serving as ship captains, factors, and chief agents.) Our Henry's fourth and last voyage was also for the English, but his third voyage, in 1609, was for the Dutch. Under contract with the United Dutch East India Company, negotiated with the help of renowned Dutch cartographer Jodocus Hondius, Hudson sailed in the *Haelf Maen* from Amsterdam under orders to seek a northeast passage above Scandinavia. But blocked by ice, and in defiance of his UDEIC contract, he set course for the New World, where he spent the summer exploring the northeast coast of America between Chesapeake Bay and Nova Scotia in search of a passage west to the Pacific. On his return to Europe, however, Hudson, sailing a Dutch ship, flying under Dutch colours, with a largely Dutch crew, put into Dartmouth, England. There is no record of mechanical failure, shortage of food or water, illness among the crew, or meteorological condition to force such a landing. And Dartmouth was clearly not Amsterdam. Hudson was ordered to London, and his ship – and presumably his maps – were impounded. Nothing was returned to the Dutch until 1610.

Had Hudson turned to the Dutch for his third expedition unable to find backing for his expeditions in England? Or was something else at play? His 1609 voyage to America, which contravened his contract, yielded only strategically negative data (that the Northwest Passage did not lie between 30° and 50° north latitude), and sailing for the Dutch could be interpreted as an act of subversion by his countrymen. Why, then, was his next voyage sponsored by players at the highest levels of English society?

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, rivalry was intense between the English and the Dutch as each sought to expand commercially, and Amsterdam, on its way to becoming the trading centre of Europe, was home to some of Europe's preeminent cartographers. Today, with satellite telemetry, mechanical reproduction, and public access, available and accurate maps of most of the world are a given. In the seventeenth century, in an atmosphere of fierce commercial and nationalist contest spreading over a still largely unsurveyed globe, cartography was as much a devious art as a scientific practice. Maps could inform. Or they could deliberately misinform. In any case, they were vital. In signing a contract for this third voyage with the Muscovy Company's chief rival, the United Dutch East India Company, Hudson came to know UDEIC cartographers Petrus Plancius, Jodocus Hondius, and Hessel Gerritsz, all masters of their craft. After failing to return to Amsterdam on the return leg of his third voyage, did Hudson then take all he had gleaned from the Dutch and pass it on to his countrymen, the English? In short, had Hudson been acting as an English agent all along?

Hudson's fourth voyage was underwritten by a curious new company, The Company of Gentlemen Adventurers, composed of members of the Muscovy Company and its competitor, the English East India Company. Both were rivals of the Dutch East India Company. Hudson's backers included the wealthy merchant John Wolstenholme, collector of customs for the port of London, Sir Dudley Digges, son of famous navigator Sir Thomas Digges and intimate of such people as Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Thomas Smith (a founding director of the Virginia Company) – wealthy and titled men with close ties to the Crown. Among them, too, was Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, chief minister to King James I, whose court was renowned for its intrigue and its extravagance. The Stuart monarch was deeply in debt and prepared to engage in all manner of strategies to restore the finances of the Crown. One of the chief tasks of Salisbury, after 1608 England's lord high treasurer, was to reduce the royal debt. At the same time, England, like other western European countries during the rising nationalism of the seventeenth and eighteen centuries, was mercantilist in economic outlook. It subscribed to the notion that precious metals were the most desirable form of national wealth. If a nation had no mines of its own, then it could obtain precious metals through trade, through plunder, or through annexing undefended parts of the non-



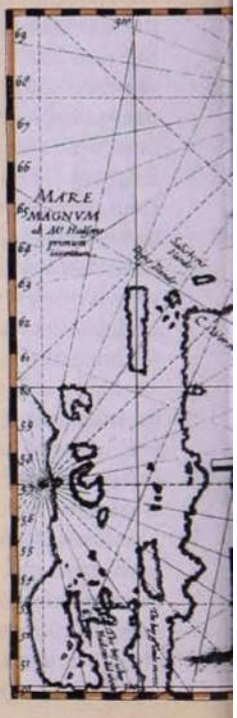
European world. The most precious of the precious metals was gold.

When Hudson turned his ship to the south at Cape Wolstenholme and proceeded toward James Bay, he would, as an experienced sailor, have noted changes in the marine environment. On his Atlantic crossing, where the sea is deep, he would have noted that the water was generally blue. The year before, when he traveled the eastern coast of North America, he would have seen on the continental shelf depths of less than 180 metres tending toward a green colour. His familiar English Channel, a stormy, turbid body of water, could be gray to brown. James Bay, however, is white, a sure indication that it is shallow, sediment-filled, and essentially nontidal.

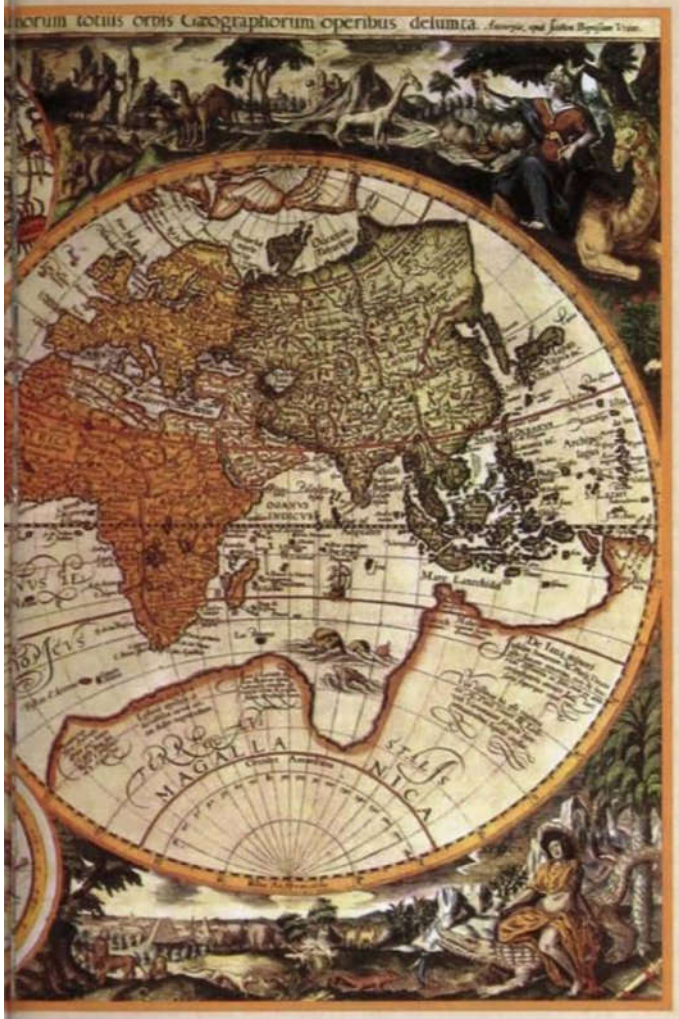
Too, he would have paid attention to the sea's rhythms. Like music, the sea has a cadence that can be heard and felt. A ship moving from deep water to more shallow water will experience a change in its sound and motion. A mariner will know the depth of the sea in a particular direction based upon the shape or "feel" of the waves. In James Bay, these cues apply too. They would reinforce the evidence that James Bay is shallow, no deeper than forty-five metres at most.

The sea is also measurably salty to the human tongue. Mariners have used this test since deepest antiquity. James Bay, fed by myriad rivers, is only ten to fifteen percent as salty as the oceans of the world, detectably so by human taste.

And the sea has many aromas. The wind blowing across open water smells dramatically different from landlocked bodies of water. James Bay, a nearly landlocked, brackish, barely tidal body of water surrounded by taiga and tundra, smells nothing like a tidal body of oceanic water. By definition, the Northwest Passage would need to be dramatically tidal and saline to the same degree as the oceans that it connects. Hudson was aware of this. He knew perfectly well that, in James Bay, he was in a nontidal cul-de-sac.



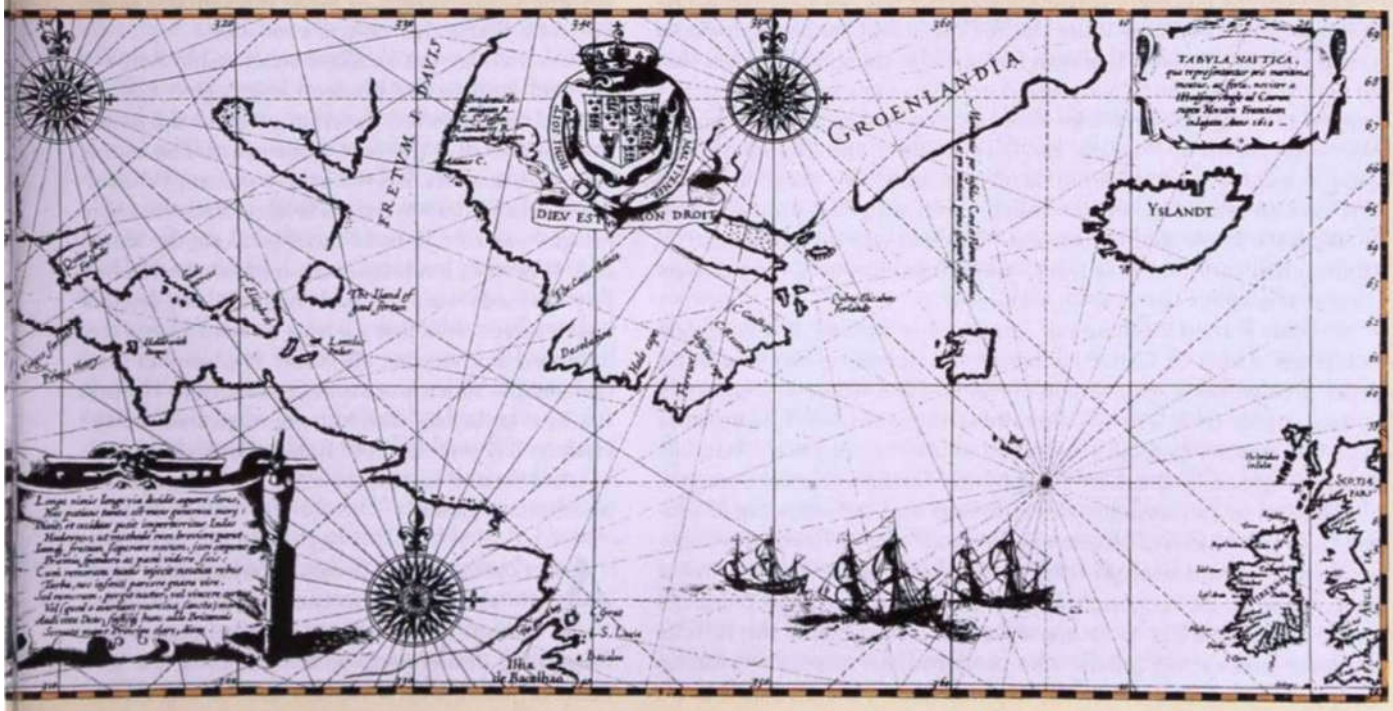
To get somewhere unfamiliar it's best to have a map. Henry Hudson had a map; in fact, he had known access to many. Curiously, though he is credited with discovering the bay that bears his name, the map Hudson carried with him on the *Discovery* already incorporated a fairly well documented, if demonstrably dated, representation of Hudson Bay. In fact, European cartographers had drawn Hudson Bay on their maps for more than a hundred years before Hudson set out on his ill-fated fourth voyage, and there are tantalizing indications – notably on maps of Ptolemaic origin (ca. 150 AD) where it appears as *Mare Sugenum* on the north coast of Asia – that the bay was known to the mapmakers of antiquity. Whether such knowledge was available to second-century Greeks has yet to be proven, but we do know that by 1540 geographer



➤ *Far left:* **Nova et Exacta Terrarum Orbis Tabula Geographica ac Hydrographica** *by Petrus Plancius* *A detail of the single surviving copy of Petrus Plancius's great world map, published in 1592, eighteen years before the Hudson voyage into Hudson Bay, showing the north coast of North America. The map hangs today in Valencia, Spain.*

➤ *Left:* **Orbis Terrae** *by Petrus Plancius* *Published in 1596, fourteen years before Hudson's voyage into Hudson Bay, and drawing extensively on Portuguese sources, the map shows North America in considerable detail, including a representation on the north shore that bears a resemblance to Hudson Bay. Plancius was Flemish, but as a Calvinist he was forced to seek refuge in Holland to avoid religious prosecution. He was one of the founders of the Dutch East India Company, and for a time its chief cartographer. Hudson met with him during the winter of 1608–1609 while waiting in Amsterdam to sign a contract with the Dutch East India Company.*

➤ *Below:* **Tabula Nautica** *by Hessel Gerritsz* *Official cartographer to the Dutch East India Company after 1617, Hessel Gerritsz produced a map showing Hudson Bay (far left) with shoreline features that do not exist today, but which the author contends existed in the recent geophysical past. The map has been dated for centuries to 1612 with the view that Gerritsz based it on Hudson's own map, which survived the 1611 mutiny in Hudson Bay, returned to England with the remaining members of the* Discovery, *and somehow made its way to Amsterdam. Other evidence suggests that the map was produced in 1611, before Hudson's tragic end.*



➤ **Carte geographique de la Nouelle franse** *[sic] by Samuel de Champlain* *Champlain returned to France in September 1611 and the next year produced this map of New France, which incorporates Hudson Bay. Champlain's travels through present-day Quebec and southern Ontario took him nowhere near the great bay. Did Champlain have access to Gerritsz's map? Or did he have other, older sources of information?*

and mathematician Sebastian Münster had produced a schematic map of North America with what we know today as Hudson Bay, and that four years later prominent French cartographer Oronce Finé created a map detailing Hudson Bay's four major river systems that rise 180 metres or more above sea level – the Nelson, Albany, Moose and Nottaway – and their correct relative relationships. Drawing extensively on Portuguese sources, including that of Portuguese cartographer Bartolomeo Lasso, Petrus Plancius published several maps in the 1590s and early 1600s, all showing the Northwest Passage and Hudson Bay.

The year of Hudson's 1611 disappearance, Hessel Gerritsz, a successor to Petrus Plancius at the Dutch East India Company, produced a map showing Hudson Bay with five specific shoreline features that do not exist today, but which existed in the recent geophysical past. A copy of the map, for centuries dated to 1612 and to originals said to have been drawn by Hudson, has been found in the Library of Congress and dated to 1611. While Gerritsz claimed in a notation on the 1611 version that Hudson had collaborated with him on his *Tabula Nautica*, we know that by this date Hudson was probably dead. If Hudson had contributed to the Gerritsz map, he would have to have done so during his 1609 Dutch sojourn.

In 1612, French explorer and cartographer Samuel de Champlain published a map of Canada incorporating Hudson Bay in greater detail, though his travels through present-day Quebec and southern Ontario never took him anywhere near the great bay. Champlain's map, too, appears by today's measurements to be inaccurate, but, like Gerritsz's, generally delineates geophysical features that once existed.

That these Renaissance cartographers and explorers could produce representations of Hudson Bay without ever travelling there suggests an as-yet-undetected body of knowledge gathered by persons unknown at an earlier period. Someone, at some time, had produced a map of Hudson Bay as he knew it to be. This became the Rosetta stone for later cartographers, who produced the maps that Hudson carried with him to the New World. But when Hudson sailed down the east coast of Hudson Bay into James Bay, he found that the shoreline and landforms did not correspond to the markings on his map as he expected. The map was only accurate in its broadest outlines. The Hudson Bay that Europeans thought they knew through their maps no longer existed. Hudson Bay had changed.

Men of Hudson's day were unaware of the great antiquity of the planet Earth, knew nothing of the dramatic geophysical changes the eons had wrought, had no idea that within very recent time the northern fringes of the world had been covered with vast and ponderous ice sheets. In its retreat from North America beginning ten thousand years ago, the Laurentide ice sheet left as its legacy not only such bodies of meltwater as the Great Lakes, but a land mass to slowly rebound from the titanic weight of ice that in places was five kilometers thick. In northern parts of Canada, glacial or *isostatic* rebound has been occurring ever since, and the consequences are particularly evident in the Hudson Bay area. For thousands of years, as the earth has emerged, the waters of Hudson Bay have retreated while new coastlines have emerged. One dramatic example of isostatic rebound can be seen today at Manitoba's Sloop Cove National Historic Site on the north side of the Churchill River estuary where, in 1768, the Hudson's Bay Company secured sailing vessels to metal rings on the shoreline rock. Today that cove is a meadow.

On average, the localized relationship between sea and land in the Hudson Bay region has decreased by five meters per century, about three hundred metres over the past 6,000 years. The rate of decrease, however, has not been constant. Whenever the relative drop in the sea level paused, the ocean margin was able to build beaches along the shoreline. When sea levels again diminished, the Hudson Bay lowlands were left with high and dry ancient beach ridges. It is just such an ancient beach that appeared as shoreline on Henry Hudson's curious early maps. When the explorer sailed into Hudson Bay in 1610, he had with him not maps that showed Hudson Bay present, but Hudson Bay past.

And therein lay the source of his confusion and his ultimate failure.

After overwintering around Waskaganish, Hudson again began in the spring of 1611 what seemed to his crew to be more purposeless wandering, sailing north and south along the west coast of James Bay. If he was not looking for the

Hudson would never have found the islands or the barrier beach or the lagoon promised by his map. Geohistory had substantially altered the lay of the land.

Northwest Passage, as has long been presumed, what then was he looking for?

I believe, based on studies of Gerritsz's and Champlain's maps, that Hudson's goal was a set of islands illustrated on his map as lying offshore the west coast of James Bay. In the maps of the period, an exaggerated peninsula is shown extending northward from Cape Henrietta Marie, forming the northwestern shore of James Bay. That shoreline once existed several hundred kilometres inland, and today is the raised beach that forms the southern and western boundaries of the Hudson Bay Lowlands. Immediately to the east of this ancient beach lie the Sutton Ridges, which were at an earlier date, as indicated by both Champlain's and Gerritsz's maps, a set of offshore islands. (Today, the Sutton Ridges are 250 kilometres inland.) On the northeastern shore of this once large peninsula are the remains of what used to be a large lagoon fed by a confluence of formerly broad rivers, each several kilometres across. Today they are no more than a few feet in width. The lagoon would have appeared in the past much as the one in which Venice is located, filled with islands and protected by the Lido, a barrier beach. In mariner's terms, it would have been a superb harbour, easily defended – just the sort of harbour of refuge that sailors from ancient times onward would have sought.

If Hudson had been looking for a break in the shoreline, the *Discovery* was the wrong vessel on which to do it. Reportedly sixty-five feet in length, the *Discovery*, based on a comparison with Hudson's earlier (and smaller) ship, the *Haelf Maen*, is estimated to have drawn about ten feet of water. James Bay, however, is a very shallow body, particularly along its western shore, where water is less than ten feet in depth for many miles out – a fact of which Hudson would have been unaware prior to arrival. To make matters worse, there are large, randomly scattered glacial erratics (large boulders left by glaciers) invisible just below the surface of the water. If the *Discovery* drew ten feet and rarely ran aground (and there is only one report of her having done so), then Hudson must have stood at least fifteen miles offshore. At deck level, however, the shoreline disappears at eight miles out. Yet there are no complaints in the records of this problem. If Hudson wasn't looking for a break in the shoreline (which he couldn't have been because he couldn't even *see* the shoreline) what then was he looking for in his apparently aimless wanderings up and down the coast?

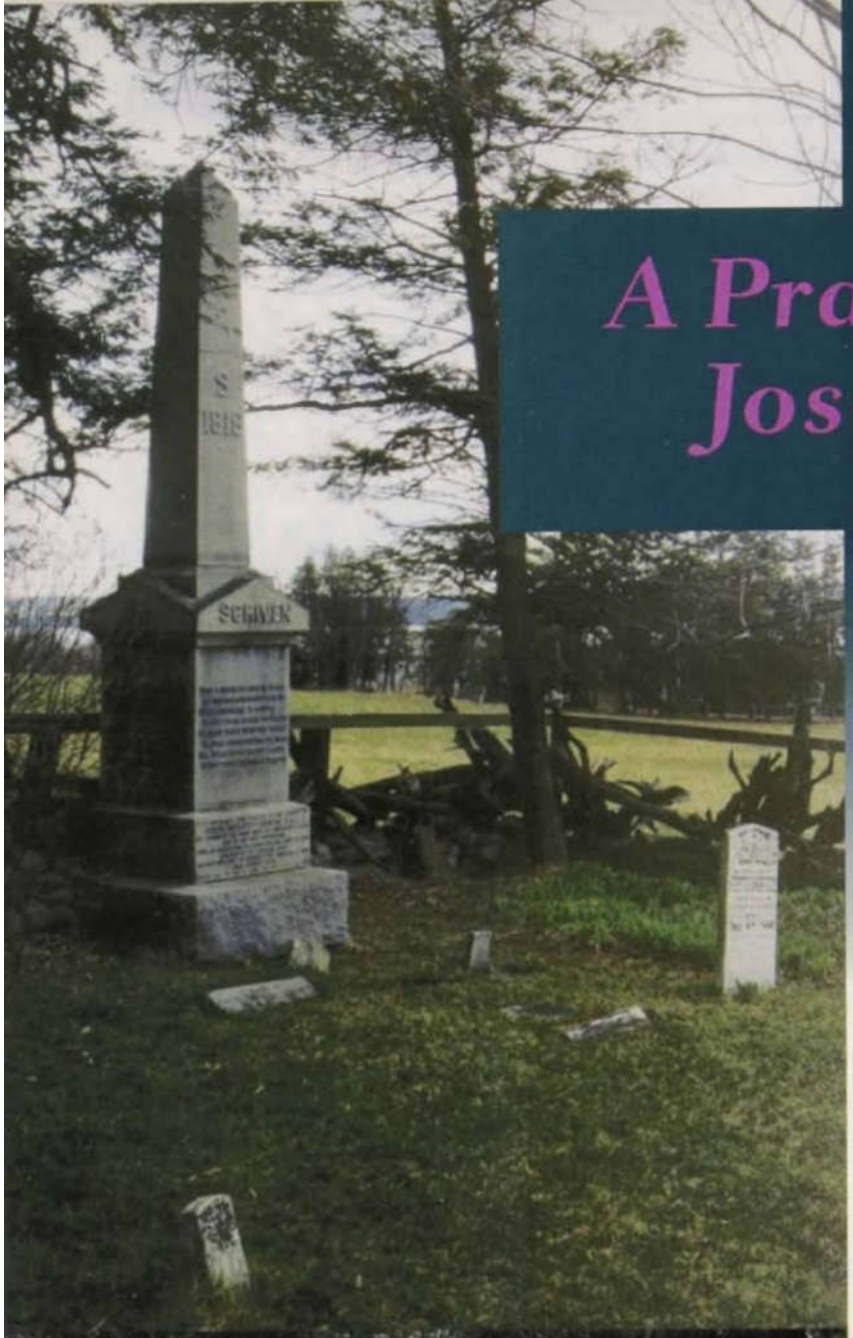
The wanderings were not at all aimless. With his sounding line, Hudson was conducting a systematic survey of James Bay, looking for the islands illustrated by Gerritsz and Champlain. Though unable to see the western shore of James Bay, he could still see eight nautical miles to either side. The maps showed the islands as lying to the east of the shore by an unknown distance. Islands being above-water shoals, Hudson used a sounding line, which measures water depth and bottom composition, to maintain a safe course, and to probe for the telltale shoals that mark island approaches. He was more than half way to completing this task by the time he and his crew went into winter quarters, and he needed only another couple of weeks to complete it. Once the islands were located, he would have had a sure demonstration of the lagoon promised by his map. Then he could report back to his London sponsors that the ideal harbour had been found, and the exploitation of the Canadian Shield's mineral wealth could begin.

Of course, Hudson would never have found the islands or the barrier beach or the lagoon promised by his map. Geohistory had substantially altered the lay of the land, and he would have been doomed to disappointment. But Hudson would not have been disappointed by the wealth of the Canadian Shield, if indeed that was the goal of his venture. We know today that the bare rock of the Canadian Shield is a treasure house of mineral wealth. Gold, though it usually occurs in a free or uncombined state, often has variable amounts of silver, copper, platinum, or certain other elements admixed with it. If the geography of *Mare Sugenum* was known to antiquity, might there have been rumours, too, of its mineral deposits? The era of gold production that followed the discovery of America by Europeans was likely the greatest the world had witnessed to that time. Catholic Spain already had a lock on Central and South America, which from the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries accounted for more than half the world's gold production. Was Hudson following up rumours of wealth in barely charted territory that Protestant England could claim for itself?

Hudson remained secretive with his crew throughout his last voyage. Thomas Wydowse (Woodhouse), a scholar and mathematician who accompanied the crew, wrote in a letter that Hudson acted "for some reasons [only] to himselfe knowne." When, after surviving a brutal winter, Hudson announced his intention to continue his search, his resentful crew, frightened with only fourteen days of food remaining and the ship trapped by ice, broke into mutiny. Hudson, his son John, and seven others were put into a shallop and cut adrift, never to be seen again. Nine men survived the voyage back to England, and though by mutinying they had committed one of the worst marine offences possible, they were not brought to trial for four years. In 1615, four of the nine were tried for murder, but none were convicted. The absence of swift and harsh justice is unusual, given the historical period and given Hudson's connections to men in high places. But then the surviving members of Hudson's last voyage were men who knew much – if they understood little – of the purpose of their voyage.

Carl Schuster is a New York-based entrepreneur, pilot, and writer on arctic history and exploration. He has explored cartographic conundra in such publications as *The Portolan*, the journal of the Washington Map Society, *Explorers Journal*, the journal of the Explorers Club, and *Mercator's World*.

A Prayer for Joseph Scriven



PHOTOS COURTESY SHANE PEACOCK

On the day before his wedding in 1843 Joseph Scriven witnessed the death throes of his fiancée, drowning in a lake in his native Ireland. From that terrifying moment onward his once-sheltered life became tragic and mysterious. Its effects have been felt long past his death, even into the present day.

Born to John and Jane Scriven at Ballymoney Lodge, near Banbridge, County Down (about forty kilometres southwest of Belfast) on September 10, 1819, he seemed destined for an upper-class existence, perhaps as a military officer. His father, a captain of the Royal Marines, had served with distinction in the War of 1812 in Canada where he lost an eye; his grandfather had also been a military man, his uncle such a distinguished barrister that he was called the "father of the Irish bar"; his mother was an accomplished musician; and all were respectable members of the Church of England. Literature, music, and Bible reading dominated family gatherings. But not long after they moved to England for brief periods and back to Ireland to Dublin to stay in 1834, young Joseph began to show a few cracks. He had been bullied at school and displayed a tendency to be sensitive, particularly concerning religious subjects.

In 1835, at age sixteen, he entered prestigious Trinity College, Dublin, left after two years to attend Addiscombe Military Seminary in Surrey, near London, and then returned to Trinity after finding army

by Shane Peacock

Joseph Scriven had a finely touched spirit and a life marked by tragedy. A writer, an itinerant preacher, he spent most of his days near Rice Lake in southeastern Ontario. But for a single incident, his life would have remained unremarkable, his final resting place an unvisited tomb: On the road to Damascus one day in 1846, God put a plan for a poem in his head. It began with the words "What a friend we have in Jesus."

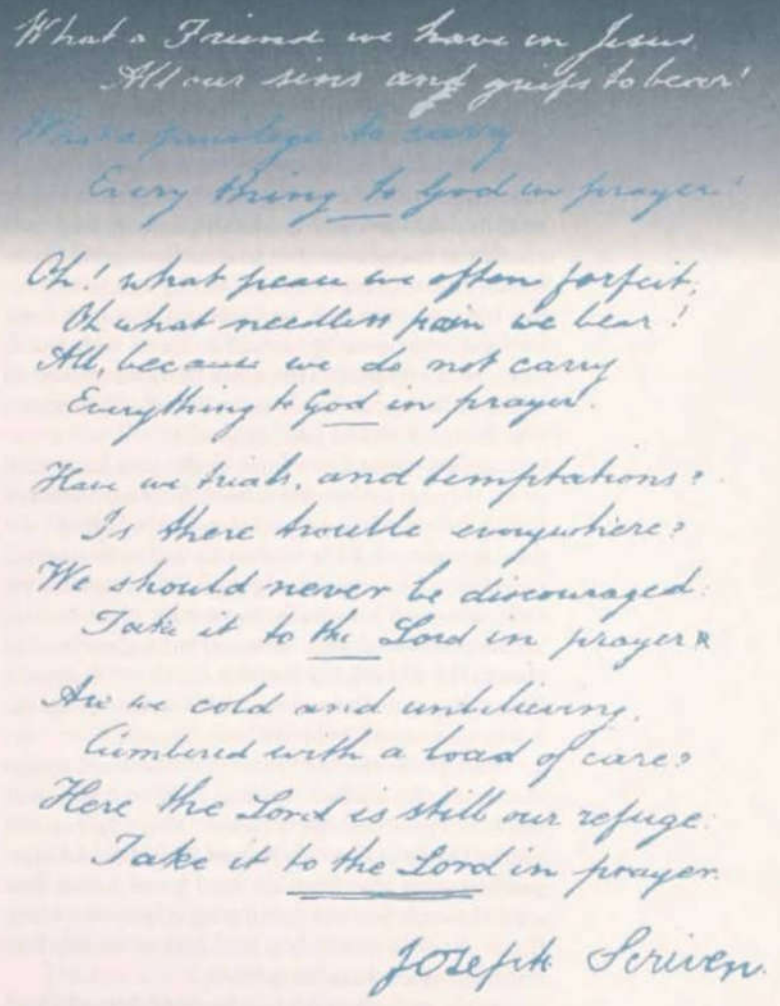
life too taxing. This, despite standing first in his class. In 1842 he graduated with a Bachelor of Arts and began working as a teacher to upper-class families. He remained a sensitive young man (it was then that he sculpted a bust of the stoic Seneca that was later displayed at the Royal Dublin School of Art) and became increasingly more religious, interested in a then-renegade sect called the Plymouth Brethren. They believed fervently in an evangelical kind of return to Biblical purity, an emphasis on living life like Christ, on dispensing with church politics, and sometimes even with church itself.

Then, at age twenty-four, came that horrifying and fateful drowning. To Scriven it seemed as if God were shouting at him. The shouting would never cease.

Grief stricken and traumatized, he planned an escape to Canada. On May 9, 1845, he sailed on the aptly named *Perseverance* for Montreal. The day before, his mother had given him an expensive coat. On the way to the docks he wrapped it around the shivering form of a poor beggar, living on a Dublin street. "Mother," he wrote to her, "I gave it to a man who needed it more than I."

In Canada he ended up near Woodstock in southwestern Ontario with the Courteny family, Plymouth Brethren he had known in Ireland. But in two months he became ill and had to return home, travelling back across the Atlantic in a crowded, disease-ridden boat.

Taking a tutoring job with the family of the


What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!

Oh! what peace we often forfeit,
Oh what needless pain we bear!
All, because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

Have we trials, and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Are we cold and unbelieving,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Here the Lord is still our refuge;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

Joseph Scriven.

Scriven entitled his poem "Pray Without Ceasing," but after it was set to music, it would become better known by the words of the first line.

surgeon of the First Royal Dragoons in Dundalk, he continued his serious ways, now often writing poetry. About 1846, aged twenty-seven, he embarked on a journey to the Holy Land. There, literally on the road to Damascus like a saint before him named Paul, God put a plan for a poem into his head. It began with the words "What a friend we have in Jesus."

Catherine Elizabeth Roche was the niece of Robert Pengelley's second wife, Emily. Scriven fell in love with her in the mid-1850s, and they were engaged to be married, but, as with his previous relationships with women, tragedy intervened. Eliza would nevertheless remain the love of his life.

Born in Ireland in 1819, Joseph Medlicott Scriven had an unsettled youth, flitting between unsatisfying stints at university in Dublin and military college in England, travelling to and from Canada, and journeying to the Middle East. In 1847, after ill-starred relationships with two women, and a confirmed evangelical, he emigrated to Canada, spending the rest of his life preaching and tutoring in southeastern Ontario.

Invigorated by the trip, he returned to teaching, this time in Plymouth, England. He soon fell in love with a Miss Falconer, a second chance at happiness. But just as they grew close, another man became enchanted by her, asked for her hand in marriage, and was accepted. Scriven stepped aside, forcing himself to do so with grace. Then he accompanied the newlyweds when they all left for Canada to reside near Brantford, Ontario. The husband would soon go insane.

Scriven worked as a tutor in the area for several years, then set up his own school. But he considered his greatest work to be preaching, especially to the downtrodden, and the sinners he found at taverns, racetracks, and on railroad gangs. Often he was verbally and even physically abused for his sermons, but he persevered. He continued writing poetry, and about 1850 showed his friend John Benet the poem he had begun at Damascus. Still a work in progress, it was now called "Pray Without Ceasing."

Shortly thereafter he moved eastward to the shores of the shallow waters of Rice Lake, just south of Peterborough, Ontario. There he tutored for the family of Captain Robert Pengelley, a distinguished man who lived on land given to his first wife through her uncle, the legendary Sir Isaac Brock. Scriven would live here and in nearby Port Hope for more than thirty years.

By the mid-1850s he had met and fallen in love with Emily Pengelley's niece, Catherine Elizabeth Roche, the daughter of another prominent local military man. This third chance at worldly love was his most intense. Eliza would be the love of his life. But never his wife.

On a cold April day in 1860, shortly before their intended marriage, she consented to be baptized by immersion in the frigid waters of Rice Lake. She caught pneumonia and clung to life as Scriven desperately sought remedies to save her. When she died he was devastated. He vowed that he would be buried next to her, their remains almost touching, head-to-head and feet-to-feet, and he had the words "I shall be satisfied when I wake up with thy likeness," engraved on her tomb. He solemnly promised to never marry another. (Today there are two simple little stones beside her larger one. They rest within inches of each other and read: "Joseph Scriven" and "Scriven's Sweetheart.")

Driven to a deeper and more desperate faith, Scriven moved to Port Hope, purchased a home for an elderly widow, and lived with her, doing all the household duties. He took to his emotional street preaching once more, and was again often beaten. One time he lay in a gutter near the main street for two hours, before he was able to rise and stagger home. Every moment he was away from teaching he spent either writing religious poetry, walking the dirt roads of the county ministering to people, or entering the homes of the sick and the poor, helping in any way he could. He was renowned for giving his clothing, sometimes off his very back, to anyone who needed it, for climbing fences and either praying with, or ploughing the fields of, farmers in need of help. He was often seen carrying a bucksaw, ready to cut wood for the poor, and on one occasion was said to have pawned his last worldly thing of value, his watch, to buy shoes for a desperate mother. He disdained ornamentation of any sort, believing that all worldly extras should be given to the unfortunate.

His poetry was offered to anyone who would take it, and it grew in volume and quality as the years passed. A modest collection was even published in Peterborough in 1869. But the hymn he had begun near Damascus and finished at Rice Lake was not included, though it was already beginning a journey to worldwide fame. Exactly how that happened is unknown, another mystery in this intriguing life.

There are two possible explanations. One theory

PHOTOS COURTESY M. PAULINE (PENGELLEY) NORTHEY

is that it appeared unsigned in a Dublin newspaper after Scriven sent a copy to his ill mother in the early 1860s. The words then surfaced in a hymn book in Boston in 1865. The other explanation, which does not necessarily preclude the first, is more fascinating and consistent with Scriven's strange life.

He is said to have given his poem to the editor of the Port Hope *Evening Guide*, solely for private spiritual sustenance. But upon reading its beautiful verses the editor couldn't resist printing it. Someone in Port Hope sent a package to New York and wrapped it in the *Guide*. The recipient noticed the poem and was captivated by it. Soon it was published in a New York newspaper where it was spotted by a travelling salesman who, moved by its words of comfort, clipped it out and put it into his wallet. Shortly thereafter the salesman was in Erie, Pennsylvania at the Burdette Organ Company, trying to sell keyboards to its manager, Charles Converse, an accomplished musician and composer. During their conversation, the salesman reached into his wallet and accidentally dropped the clipping. Converse picked it up and in less than an hour had written a beautiful acompanying melody. Known to the world as "What A Friend We Have in Jesus," it has reputedly been reprinted at least 50 million times. *The Christian Herald* once named it the second most popular hymn on earth. (There were thirty thousand candidates.)

Though some have proposed that this incredible coming together of a timeless poem and a great musician happened as late as 1882, it had to have occurred more than a decade earlier (some say 1868) because it appeared in an American hymnary, *Silver Wings*, in 1870, with Converse credited as the composer, author unknown. By 1875 it was attributed to renowned Scottish hymnist Horatio Bonar, but he soon denied its authorship. From that date until 1886 it was frequently printed without an author's name. Scriven never made a claim to having written it, and it was only in the year of his death, when an astonished friend found it handwritten among his early scribblings, that the truth was known. "The Lord and I, we wrote it together," was all the humble man would say. He would die just before it was publicly attributed to him. Charles Converse, when lowered into his grave in Inglewood, New Jersey, in 1908, clutched a copy of the hymn in his hands.

By the early 1880s Scriven was only in his early 60s, but his hard life and personal tragedies had taken a tremendous toll on him. Always given to periods of melancholia, his mind and spirit became even shakier as his health deteriorated, disturbed as he was both by his past and the feeling that he had not done enough for the unfortunate and for his God. By the first week of October 1886, he was on a steep decline, immobile in bed and feverish. His friend James Sackville, a Brethren companion for many years, came to Port Hope, loaded him into his buggy, and took him to Bewdley at Rice Lake to die. He placed him in a bedroom and sat down outside the door. He could hear the fading Scriven mumbling incoherently to himself, talking to Jesus, doubt nagging deep in his mind. Sackville may or may not have fallen asleep. Before the sun rose he went to look in on his friend.

There was no one in the bed.

A search ensued and for a while it must have seemed as though God had taken him directly to heaven. By noon they found him face down in a nearby stream, apparently in the attitude of prayer. Though reports in the local papers would claim he had somehow risen in order to attend a prayer meeting in Port Hope and slipped on the dam at the stream, and others theorized he sought water to cool his fever while delirious, mystery has shrouded the events of his last night on earth. How could he have risen and walked in his extremely weakened and disoriented state? Did he seek the deadly water, the element that had taken his first and last fiancées, on purpose? Or was something more sinister at work?

No evidence that Scriven was murdered has ever been supplied, nor has a reliable motive even been put forward. But a suspect has been produced. ... and his presence in this story makes a strange tale even stranger.

The latter possibility has been the subject of local rumours almost since that very day. No evidence that Joseph Scriven was murdered has ever been supplied, nor has a reliable motive even been put forward. But a suspect has been produced. His name was David Samuel Kidd and he was a bizarre individual to say the least. His presence in this story makes a strange tale even stranger.

David Kidd was born at a place called Kidd's Corners near Bewdley about 1868. He was part of a poverty-stricken family of eight. The story is told – and it was most often told by Kidd himself – that about 1875, in the dead of a winter night, he was thrown into the freezing cold by his drunken father. Soon the boy was shivering and nearly unconscious, lying by the side of a road. A cutter appeared, driven by Joseph Scriven, who picked up the child, wrapped him in a buffalo robe, and took him to Sackville's nearby home. Gaining permission from Kidd's father, he then fed and clothed the boy, and even tutored him. He gave him money whenever he needed it, which may have been quite often, and also instructed him in the word of God.

The boy would grow up to become a tea peddler, living first near the railway viaduct at Port Hope and later in Montreal. He was dark, short statured, possessed of a high-pitched, unusual voice, afflicted

with poor eyesight (which he improved with thick-lensed glasses) and always walked with a cane, a "cripple" (he said) because he had been thrown into the snow that fateful night in his childhood. Scriven's friendship when he had no friends, and acts of kindness, stayed in his mind.

Kidd eventually decided to become a clergyman and reportedly headed south to the Moody Bible Institute in Chicago. Then a miracle happened. While out on a mission to help the poor and wicked, he entered a house of ill repute and struck up a conversation with a prostitute named Lucy Byrne. He changed her life by turning her to God. In tears, the tuberculosis-ridden woman told him she was a runaway from Australian millionaire parents and longed to be reunited with them. Kidd had her placed in a sanitorium in Florida (where her father had invested money) and contacted her family. They were overjoyed and deeply thankful, and soon sent Kidd a telegram expressing their desire to legally adopt him. But a remarkable series of tragedies would follow. Lucy Byrne, just thirty-one, would die, and shortly thereafter, her parents would drown in a shipwreck off Montevideo. Her only sibling, a brother, would go to his maker in the *Empress of Ireland* disaster near Quebec in 1914. David Kidd then considered himself the heir to the Byrne fortune.

According to him, one of the terms of his inheritance had been that he adopt his benefactor's name. Soon he was calling himself the Reverend Doctor David S. Kidd Byrne (D.D.) and seeking full title to the massive estate. It totalled, he variously claimed, $8 million, $36 million, and $100 million. By the end of World War I he was a full-time minister, leading churches in the evangelical Christian Workers faith in Montreal and later in Toronto where, from 1923 to 1928, he lived in the famously haunted house of William Lyon Mackenzie at 82 Bond Street. All the while, he continued to pursue the Byrne fortune, often taking trips to Florida where a large portion rested, to make his case in court and preach in open-air revival meetings. He acquired stacks of evidence and several times applied for large portions of his bequest, but was always denied. In churches, whether at his own in Canada or backed by gospel singers in Florida, he was said to have been an emotional and dramatic speaker.

At the same time he was asking investors from the very poor to the very wealthy to give him money (Sir Henry Pellatt of Casa Loma fame may have donated funds) so he could erect churches and missions to help the poor. Joseph Scriven was often invoked as his mentor and the perfect Samaritan. How much he raised by this method is not known – some say it was in the hundreds of thousands of dollars – but his plan to repay his creditors when he assumed the Byrne estate was never carried out. He also began raising monuments to Scriven, the hymn, the Byrnes, and even to himself, in Port Hope, at the Bewdley cemetery, and at Kidd's Corners. Dignitaries participated in unveiling ceremonies in 1925. But the most honoured of all Scriven monuments, the one placed at the Pengelley cemetery in 1920, sponsored by Prime Minister Robert Borden and Opposition leader W.L. Mackenzie King and unveiled by Ontario premier E.C. Drury, was not of his making. After the Toronto *Globe* floated the idea of a Scriven monument in 1918, the local committee struck to deal with it had actively avoided Kidd.

Though he was said to have helped many unfortunate people, he himself always went in style, dressing well, travelling in expensive automobiles, staying at the best hotels as he made nearly yearly pilgrimages to Montreal and down the east coast of the U.S. towards Florida – all in contrast to Joseph Scriven. Kidd's secretary during this period, a young man named Harold White, published a booklet years later called *The Strange Life of Reverend David S. Kidd Byrne (D.D.): A 36 Million Dollar Mystery*, in which he recalled such trips and defended his former boss against detractors. But he could not help noting eerie things, like the unusual Bond Street house and, after he left Kidd's employ, the appearance of a "newspaper man" at his home, who asked for a briefcase with information about Kidd's claims and then vanished with it.

In November 1929, as Kidd's fortunes flagged, he

Saved by Scriven from an abusive father as a child, David Kidd Byrne (left, pictured with his secretary Harold L. White) eventually became an evangelical preacher himself, often evoking his tutor as his mentor and the perfect Samaritan. High living and dubious finances eventually ruined Kidd Byrne's career and his life. Some speculate he may have murdered Joseph Scriven.

went to Montreal where he cashed a cheque using, as evidence of his good character, a letter addressed to him by J.L. Perron, provincial cabinet minister. Within a few weeks the Reverend Doctor D.S.K. Byrne was charged with forgery – half of the letter had been altered, the half in which Perron supposedly wrote of his belief in the validity of the Byrne estate and his confidence that Kidd had a "100%" claim to it. In court Kidd Byrne began to break down and became incoherent. It was soon evident that the cheque, made out to his brother, had been stolen. He even accused someone else of his crime, stating that his stenographer (perhaps the aforementioned White) must have done it and had often stolen from him. The Montreal *Gazette* described him as a "small, wizened, old man," though he was only sixty-one, and thought him pitiable. So strange did he seem that the judge halted the case and turned him over to a psychiatrist. He was then sent to a jail asylum for an indefinite period.

Kidd Byrne would die in 1934 in Montreal, closer in fortune to the way he came into the world than at the height of his ministerial career. That wasn't the way it was supposed to end for a follower of Joseph Scriven.

Many years later, Foster Russell, the editor of the Cobourg *Sentinel-Star*, began working on a biography of Scriven, later published as *What A Friend We Have in Jesus*. He was touched and mystified by the courage of his subject and the strange occurrences in his life, but during the course of his research more than one aging Rice Lake area resident told him something unsettling: David Kidd had murdered Joseph Scriven.

In the dead of that fateful night, it was claimed, Kidd had waited up at Sackville's home with Scriven, then dragged him outside and somehow, either by accident or intent, drowned him. One man even said he knew how it was done – Scriven was placed on a plank and dropped into the water. Though it was said this was once known by many people in the Bewdley area, Kidd's accusers could provide no evidence beyond their own time-worn stories and no motive other than speculation that Kidd was after Scriven's paltry funds. Russell was an experienced reporter so had he heard one vague reference to this story he likely would have ignored it, but the persistence of the rumour and the intensity with which it was offered, as well as other stories that surfaced about Kidd's character, compelled him to write it.

There is no question that David Kidd was a somewhat disturbed, perhaps even clinically schizophrenic personality. There is a distinct possibility that he manufactured the entire tale of the conversion of the prostitute, the Byrne estate, and even his ministerial titles. A perusal of old Montreal city directories, for example, indicates that in 1917 and preceding years he was a tea peddler, but by 1918 he was not only preaching but – miraculously – a Doctor of Divinity. He undoubtedly was guilty of forgery, and the Moody Bible Institute, still going full steam in Chicago, has no record of a David Kidd or Byrne ever entering their classrooms.

However, calling him a murderer seems unfair. In fact, the accusation may be more of an indictment of his accusers than himself, speaking volumes about the prejudices of a previous era in which being poor, homely, and "crippled" could turn an embezzler into "a devil" and slayer of a saint.

But the saintly man's death remains eerie even if Kidd was nowhere near the Sackville home that night. At four o'clock in the morning, pitch dark in the autumn, Joseph Scriven somehow vanished from his room and descended into water, his mortal enemy. Sifting through the facts, looking at newspaper accounts (which don't mention that if he indeed slipped on the dam on his way to church, then he was going the wrong direction), reading between the lines of old rumours, and considering Sackville's own account of that night, one can't help but wonder if it was feared that this deeply depressed man purposely brought about his own end, that the saint who gave the world its most comforting hymn succumbed to something that made them uncomfortable. "In the end of his days he failed to resign himself to the will of God," said Sackville, "and to wait patiently till the Lord's time came to release him from the body."

And yet, however one looks at the story, it seems Scriven died in the right way. Not only in water, on a Sunday, but in an abiding mystery, in a manner heartbreaking but unforgettable.

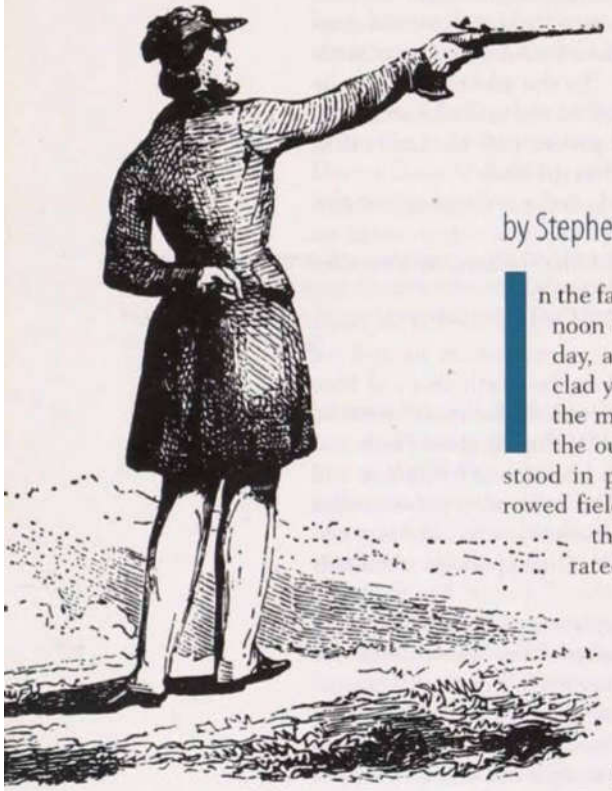
Today, the stream where he died is an eerie place, and the little cemetery where he and his sweetheart are buried on the north shore of Rice Lake looks down upon one of the most beautiful sights one can imagine, of sloping green fields and brilliant blue water. In his famous hymn one still hears of the friendship he believed in so fervently, a friendship and a forgiveness that stretched to everyone, even to David Kidd ... and perhaps ultimately to himself.

"A veil of mystery," wrote James Sackville, "hangs over the last hours of my beloved brother's life on earth. What is known, we read with humiliation to profit, the unknown we leave with Him, who knows what is in the darkness. In His own time and way, He will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and make manifest the counsel of the hearts." ◘

Shane Peacock is a Toronto writer. His play, *The Devil and Joseph Scriven*, is scheduled for performance in August at The 4th Line Theatre in Millbrook, Ontario.

If only Gideon Ackland hadn't made that letter public. Then Elizabeth Hughes's good name would never have been besmirched. Robert Lyon would never have been so angry. John Wilson would never have been so humiliated. There would never have been any scandal. But there was scandal, and in nineteenth-century Perth, Ontario – a military outpost of the British Empire – there was only one way for gentlemen to settle a point of honour.

Upper Pistols at Six O'C



by Stephen R. Bown

In the fading light of late afternoon on a drizzly mid-June day, a group of four darkly clad youths stalked through the mist towards a farm on the outskirts of town. They stood in pairs in a damp, furrowed field, loaded pistols, and then two of them separated. Facing each other, they levelled their crude weapons and fired. And fired again. Two clouds of smoke hung in the evening air, and before the echo had passed, one of them dropped to the damp earth, a hole punched through his breast by an iron musket ball. Blood pumped from the ragged wound into the mud, and he was soon dead. He was Robert Lyon, aged nineteen, student at law in the town of Perth, 100 kilometres southwest of Ottawa – the last victim of a duel in Upper Canada, at a time when such affairs of honour were quickly dying out. The year was 1833.

Perth was not a typical 1830s Ontario town. First settled in 1816 by a few thousand half-pay officers and their soldiers discharged from the British army after the War of 1812, the town developed broad tree-lined streets, stately stone mansions, and picturesque bridges. It soon became the judicial, political, commercial, and social capital of the new District of Bathurst, far to the west of the "civilized" portions of Ontario along the St. Lawrence River. It was an aristocratic officers' retreat, a backwoods island of early nineteenth-century sophistication tinged with the military mores of an earlier era.

"From the military character of the settlement," noted Reverend William Bell, the minister of the First Presbyterian Church, "affairs of honour had been of frequent occurrence, but they had generally ended in such a harmless way, that they had come to be rather a subject of ridicule than of serious apprehension." Nevertheless, honour was a touchy thing among the "haughtiness, pride, vanity and dissipation of the half-pay officers and their ladies [who] minded nothing but dress, visiting and amusement." The Perth newspaper occasionally printed, in a routine fashion, notification of duels or other affairs of honour or social disgrace. Duelling remained fashionable though technically illegal in Perth long after it was socially unacceptable elsewhere.

This was the prevailing attitude when young law student John Wilson began his law career under the tutelage of Mr. James Boulton. Boulton himself had been embroiled in a widely publicized quarrel with one Daniel McMartin, a fellow from the Ontario Law Society, and the two had fought one another in a duel a few years before. John Wilson was no doubt learning from his patron the importance of protecting one's honour.

John Wilson was born in Scotland in 1809, the eldest son of Ebenezer Wilson, a weaver who had emigrated to Upper Canada in 1819 and settled near Perth. Ebenezer, though of low social standing for

Canada's Last Deadly Duel

lock

the time, was a self-educated and opinionated man; he ensured his son received an education and instilled in him an ambition to better his standing in society. Young John Wilson spent several years teaching in Perth before being accepted as a student at law by Mr. Boulton, probably in the fall of 1829 when he was twenty years old. Wilson, although generally respected, occasionally encountered the sneers and snubs of the gentry because of his low birth. He noted in his journal that the "strict regard for truth, candor, and uprightness which I trust has hitherto marked my career shall be religiously observed, unawed by the frown of man and reckless of the consequences." Aware of the prejudices against him, the ambitious Wilson believed that maintaining his dignity and respect was doubly important.

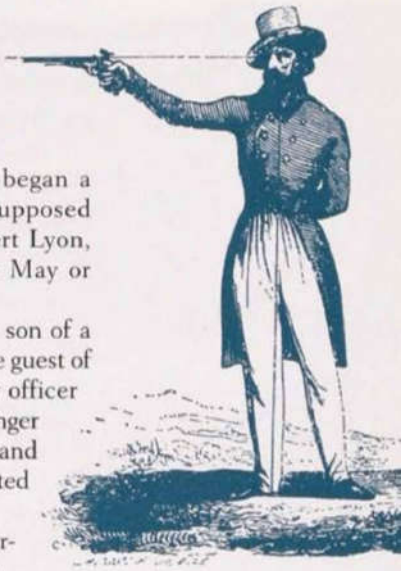
In the spring of 1833, Mr. Boulton, evidently impressed with Wilson's legal prowess and character after four years of studying the law, sent him to Bytown (Ottawa), a growing lumber town at the swampy confluence of the Ottawa and Rideau rivers, to establish a branch office of the legal practice. At the time of his departure, Wilson, not surprisingly for a young eligible man, was interested in several young ladies of the community. One of these women was Elizabeth Hughes, an assistant teacher at a local school and the attractive daughter of an English clergyman.

Enamoured with her beauty and deportment, his heart was evidently consumed with thoughts of the young woman, as evidenced by his poetic outpourings:

What can it be that makes me sad?
I surely can't be turning mad,
And yet, 'tis very plain
I am in ———; let me think again.
It cannot be, for love is bliss,
Not a heart-rending thing like this –
'Tis true there's one bewitching being,
And one whom I can scarce help seeing,
Who makes me every time we meet
Fain to say something wondrous sweet.
But how it is you won't believe,
My memory is a perfect sieve,
And pretty speeches fly; you laugh!
Just as the whirlwind blows the chaff ...

Despite his penchant for poetry, Wilson was concerned that he was not the dashing noble gallant that he aspired to be. "As nature, or rather inclination, has not fitted me for shining in the female circle," he lamented, "I must content myself with the hope of one day meeting a female who has sense enough to value worth altho' stript of the gaudy glitter of a well-bred coxcomb." To Wilson's future dismay, a well-bred coxcomb arrived in Perth soon after he departed for Bytown in the spring of 1833.

Henry Lelièvre, the younger son of a French naval officer, later described as "a well dressed idle nobody, a hanger-on at a relative's in Perth," immediately took a liking to Elizabeth Hughes and began a fateful flirting. Wilson heard of the supposed liaison from a fellow law student, Robert Lyon, who had visited him in Bytown in late May or early June.

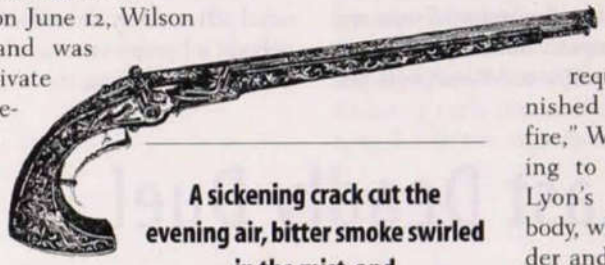


Robert Lyon, the eighth and youngest son of a wealthy Scots family, came to Canada as the guest of his much older brother, a retired half-pay officer with a large land grant near Perth. The younger Lyon, reputedly a "tall, handsome, genial and exceedingly popular" young man, was admitted to the Law Society of Upper Canada in November 1829 and articled under his sister-in-law's brother. When he was in Bytown, Lyon informed Wilson that he had conspired with another lady acquaintance, Miss Caroline Thom, to allow Lelièvre and Elizabeth to secretly meet. He also told Wilson that Lelièvre "had sat alongside Miss Hughes with his arms about her in a position which no woman of spirit would permit."

Heartbroken and angry, Wilson wrote a letter to his friend Gideon Ackland, another law student, wherein he repeated Lyon's story. According to Ackland, Wilson questioned "the principles or honour of a man who could make such a statement relating to an unprotected female." For whatever reason, Ackland showed the letter to Wilson's patron Mr. Boulton, who was, coincidentally, Caroline Thom's brother-in-law. Boulton, of course, broached the subject with his younger relation-by-marriage, no doubt expressing concern over her lack of propriety. Miss Thom was not amused at having her good name besmirched (however slightly). She was much hurt and outraged, denied the allegations, and reprimanded Lyon later for his indiscreet pronounce-

ments. Lyon, caught in his gossipy fabrications, was exceedingly angry and realized that the source of his embarrassment could only have come from one source – John Wilson. After hearing the story from Ackland, and reading a copy of Wilson's original letter, Lyon admitted to making the statements, but insisted they were merely a lighthearted joke, designed to make Wilson jealous. Nonetheless, Lyon became even more incensed, particularly with Wilson's insinuation that he was dishonourable. To set things right Lyon proclaimed to Ackland that he would "treat Wilson as he deserved."

A few days later, on June 12, Wilson returned to Perth and was shocked that his private correspondence had become the centre of a seemingly public conflict. He was angry at Ackland for showing his personal letter around and tried to explain the situation to Lyon, who believed the letter had been deliberately publicized to insult him. Lyon, resentful and embarrassed at his humiliation, refused Wilson's attempts at reconciliation and soon after assaulted him, knocking him to the ground in public. According to one witness, Lyon called Wilson "a damned lying scoundrel, and that he would treat him as such every time he met him."



A sickening crack cut the evening air, bitter smoke swirled in the mist, and the young Lyon lay gasping on the grass ...

Wilson, his "face cut and bruised," repeatedly tried to seek a reconciliation with Lyon, but the younger man refused to offer any form of apology. At a loss what to do, Wilson challenged Lyon to a contest of honour according to the gentlemanly and time-tested tradition of a pistol duel, hoping to cleanse the taint of scandal and dishonour from himself and Elizabeth. The date was set, the location agreed upon, the weapons selected, and the seconds chosen (the role of the seconds was to jointly referee the contest to ensure all progressed according to protocol). Wilson's second was another law student, Simon Fraser Robertson, and Lyon selected Lelièvre, further antagonizing Wilson with the presence of the paramour he believed was pursuing the source of his poetic inspiration, Elizabeth Hughes.

Late in the afternoon on June 13, the four trudged out of town, followed discreetly by interested and curious people in the gossipy town: James Boulton and James Hubbell, who went together to try and stop the affair but arrived too late; Adam Muir, a law student privy to the incidents leading to the duel, who hid in a nearby barn for a good dry view; Alexander Powell, the deputy sheriff; George Lyon, Lyon's nephew; and Dr. William R. Hamilton, surgeon to the First Militia Regiment. After the first shot, they all rushed toward the duelling field, but only Dr. Hamilton arrived in time to try to dissuade them from a second shot. Dr. Hamilton later related that Wilson was anxious to put an end to it, but he would not back down without an apology. Lelièvre, on the other hand, informed him that for Lyon "reconciliation was impossible."

Lelièvre and Robertson reloaded the pistols, and the two young adversaries prepared for a second shot (according to the duelling code at least two shots were required to fully satisfy a tarnished honour). "At the last fire," Wilson later said (according to Mr. Boulton), "I saw Lyon's pistol in line with my body, which caused me to shudder and feel sick, and I turned away my head when the signal was given." In an instant the powder flashed in the pistols, a sickening crack cut the evening air, bitter smoke swirled in the mist, and the young Lyon lay gasping on the grass, a huge hole torn through his right breast.

In the stunned silence immediately afterward, Lelièvre, who according to Reverend William Bell "was the most culpable of the whole, having urged the parties to a second fire when a reconciliation was about to be effected," fled the scene and never returned to Perth. Wilson and Robertson slowly wandered through the rain back to town, where they were locked up in the local jail on charges of murder. Here they languished for almost two months until August 6, when they were removed to Brockville for trial.

After a two-day trial, the Honourable Mr. Justice Macaulay, who had served during the War of 1812 and was aware of the duelling code, told the jury that, although illegal, duelling had its precedents among royalty, and that juries seldom convicted if the proper duelling code was followed. He then solemnly charged the jury to make their decision with the following considerations: "That the prisoner Wilson was of humble origin and saw his prospects blasted if he submitted to the degradation and was impelled by the usages of society and the slights he had partially felt or foresaw to adopt the only alternative which men of honour thought open to them. That he to the last relied upon an amicable adjustment, went out deter-

mined not to fire at the deceased and did so at last in a state of convulsive nervousness and unconsciousness."

After a few hours of careful deliberation, the jury found Wilson not guilty of murder, manslaughter, or any other crime, and he was released. Realizing that life in Perth would forever be tainted with the memory and ill-feelings of the duel, Wilson soon departed for Niagara, where he was eventually called to the bar, and then moved to London to begin his legal practice.

Two years later, Wilson and Elizabeth Hughes were married. Whether this was out of love or out of mutual consolation for the events that had irrevocably marked and altered both of their lives, it can never be known. Perhaps it was, as later suggested by Edward Shortt, judge of the county court for the county of Lanark, that "Wilson must have had a persistent sense of guilt for his gratuitous and pompous intervention in the life of Elizabeth Hughes which had undoubtedly impaired her opportunities for both teaching and marriage. ... her prospects had been ruined and her reputation tarnished by what appeared to be a mere vulgar adolescent brawl."

The Duel of Honour

While the Middle Ages had the concept of the judicial duel or trial by battle – a *public* settling of disputes through combat – the notion of a private encounter to settle real or imagined slights or insults – the duel of honour – began only in the late fifteenth century. Spreading to the rest of Europe from Italy, the centre of professional swordsmanship, the practice was greatly aided by the fashion of men wearing swords as part of everyday dress. At first men would fight each other without witnesses, but this secrecy soon led to such abuses as ambushing one another. Thus was born the convention of the "second" or friend who accompanied the duellist.

Duelling waxed and waned in Europe through subsequent centuries, with authorities sometimes attempting to quell the practice through edict or legislation, at other times granting pardons or failing to enforce proclamations against it. Duelling was usually considered a crime, and to kill in a duel little short of murder, but laws were irregularly enforced. Under English law, juries tended to acquit duellists if they thought honour and fair play had been observed.

Duelling was particularly popular in France and Italy, less so in Britain, but up until the 1840s the British military code permitted duelling. Then two fatal encounters in the early 1840s caused public opinion in Britain to turn against the practice. An association against duelling was formed by members of both houses of parliament and military officers, and Queen Victoria herself expressed a desire for reform. In 1844 duelling was made a military offence, and the practice waned in Britain and its colonies.

In Canada, duels were recorded as early as 1646. During the French regime, duels were fought exclusively with swords; after the Conquest, almost always with pistols. The last fatal duel in Canada occurred in 1838 at Verdun, Lower Canada, between lawyer Robert Sweeny and Major Henry Warde, who had sent a love letter to Mrs. Sweeny. Among the famous Canadians who fought duels are Joseph Howe and George-Étienne Cartier. In 1849, John A. Macdonald had to be restrained from fighting a political opponent. The last known duel in what is now Canada occurred in 1873 at St. John's, Newfoundland. The seconds loaded the pistols with blanks. No one was hurt.

Scottish-born John Wilson was a twenty-four-year-old law student when he challenged fellow law student Robert Lyon to a duel in 1833. Lyon died as a result of his injuries. Duelling was a crime, and Wilson was charged with murder. Although the duel was in Perth, Wilson was removed to Brockville for trial, where the mores of the day led the jury to acquit him.

Wilson's legal career was unharmed by the cheerless episode. By the mid-1860s, when the picture above right was taken, he had been twice elected to the Legislative Council of Upper Canada, had been appointed Queen's Counsel, and was a judge. Ironically, the first assize court over which he presided thirty years after the duel was at Brockville, the same court in which he had been tried for murder. By then the courthouse, shown above left, had stood for twenty years.

Their marriage signified that the duel had been a noble act to restore the honour of a lady rather than a reaction to a humiliating assault.

Nevertheless, John Wilson and Elizabeth Hughes remained married for thirty-four years, until Wilson died at his home in London in 1869, wealthy and respected after a distinguished legal and political career. He was twice elected to the Legislative Council of Upper Canada and was eventually appointed a judge, presiding over the same court where he had been tried and acquitted for murder. Elizabeth Hughes outlived him and spent her final years in Toronto, where she died in 1904 at the age of ninety-four. We can only speculate about what may have been the life of Robert Lyon.

It is Reverend William Bell's timeless wisdom written in 1833, though, that best brings to closure the tale of the fatal duel: "Such are the effects of indulging the pride of the human heart, and a false sense of honour," he wrote. "It was remarkable that, just before the fatal meeting took place, dark clouds covered the sky, and the thunder roared as if expressing the displeasure of heaven at the unhallowed deed and the rain poured down in torrents at the very time they were engaged. ... Evil communications corrupt good manners; for these had been the ruin of the deceased." ◘

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COMING IN OCTOBER | NOVEMBER

The **Beaver**

The Mohawk Princess
In her day, the bold and beautiful Pauline Johnson was Canada's most popular writer. But after her death in 1913, her poetry went into eclipse. Today her work surprises with its modern passions for gender and racial identity. And she did have the most astonishing life.
BY PETER UNWIN

From the Mouths of My Cannon
When the commander of New England's militia demanded the Quebec governor surrender, Frontenac had no reply "save from the mouths of my cannon." Two headstrong leaders battle for North American supremacy.
BY MICHAEL WESTAWAY MCCUE

A Sportman's Eden
In pursuit of adventure in Canada's wilderness primordial, the sportsmen of Europe's leisure classes helped to define Canada to the outside world, settle the West, and played a role in creating our national parks.
BY KAREN WONDERS

All the News That's Fit to Sprint

There's more than one legendary pony express. A decade before hot mail on horseback south of the border, fleet steeds in Nova Scotia were bringing the news of the world to the expectant masses in Boston and New York. No misadventure in postal service, the Halifax-Digby pony express was for a time the critical link for North American papers battling to be first with the news.

by Harry Bruce

GORDON JOHNSTON

Destined to become the greatest news-gathering agency in the world, the Associated Press was born 150 years ago in backwoods Nova Scotia, but it's doubtful if many of the thousands of reporters who've lived and died in its service ever knew about the 232-kilometre horse races of its infancy in this obscure British colony. By 1849, the surge of steam transportation and the tentacles of the electric telegraph had not yet met in every port, and the dirt road from Halifax to Digby Gut in western Nova Scotia was a gap where the horse, as a bearer of news, made a brief, bold stand.

Six New York newspapers buried their bitter differences to found a pony express over this route, sometimes made treacherous by washed-out bridges, seas of mud, or simply inky, moonless nights. The papers called their partnership the Associated Press, and sent Daniel Craig, a tough Yankee, to Halifax to run the service. He was AP's first foreign correspondent. After American competitors set up a second Halifax-Digby pony express, rival riders pounded through the excited villages of the Annapolis Valley on foam-flecked horses. This hairy adventure lasted only from February 21 to November of 1849, and in the long scheme of human affairs that's little more than the blink of a horse's eye. It was nevertheless a landmark in the history of news transmission.

Only three years had passed since the introduction of North America's first commercial telegraph system. Using Morse code, it linked Washington and Baltimore. By 1848, however, telegraphs already ran between New York and Buffalo, Hamilton and Toronto, Toronto and Montreal, and Montreal and Quebec. Other lines ran from New York to Boston, from Boston to Calais, Maine, and on to Saint John, New Brunswick. The Saint John connection was one key to the Halifax-Digby pony express.

The other was the Cunard line of oceangoing steamships. As every bluenose schoolchild knows, or should know, Samuel Cunard of Halifax started the first regularly scheduled steamship service between Britain and America, and thereby revolutionized transatlantic travel. Beginning in 1840, his vessels carried passengers, cargo, and the Royal Mail to Boston and later New York. By 1849 he had no fewer than nine steamships nipping back and forth on the North Atlantic. Four of them were 1,850-ton, 249-foot paddle wheelers. Only a year old, these were the *America, Europa, Canada,* and *Niagara*. Cunard called his line the British and North American Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, but that was such a mouthful it was better known as "Mr. Cunard's company," or simply "Cunard's."

Going to the U.S and returning to England, the steamships stopped at his hometown. Other Cunarders took wealthy English folk and locals to Bermuda. "The Royal Mail Steam Packets *Osprey* and *Falcon* will only proceed to Bermuda once a month during the winter season," Cunard announced in the Halifax newspaper *British Colonist* early in 1849. "They will leave this place immediately on the arrival of the Steamships from England, which may be expected about the 10th Jany., 7th Feby., 7th March, and 5th April. Persons desirous of proceeding to Bermuda for a change of climate will find this a desirable conveyance. Those who have tried it have derived great benefit."

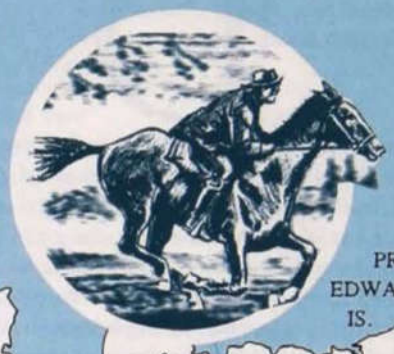
Cunard could be reasonably sure of the arrival dates of his transatlantic steamers because the ships were so reliable they'd made fools of scientists who'd scoffed that crossing the ocean in a steamship was

as unlikely as flying to the moon. On June 14, 1849, one Charles Wilmer breathlessly reported,

> *During the past winter the noble fleet of North American steamers left this port and arrived with a regularity scarcely equaled by a railway train, and now that fine weather has returned, they are, in shortness of their passages, beating all their former efforts. The* America, *which arrived on Monday morning, has made the shortest run on record. From New York to the Mersey (including her detention in Halifax) she only took 11 1/2 days. The passage from Halifax to Liverpool 8 1/2 days!*
>
> *The* Canada *also made an unprecedentedly short run to Halifax, accomplishing the distance in 8 1/2 days! Such being the case we may shortly expect the two new vessels now on the stocks to make the passage from land to land in a week.*

The westbound Cunarders brought news to Halifax from vastly more important places. For all of British North America and the U.S., the big news of the world was still the political, economic, and commercial news from England – news of revolutions and currencies, news of markets and regimes, news of rising prices and falling armies. Now that news flashes into our living room within minutes, if not seconds, of the events that make it – the death of Princess Diana, the crashing into the sea of an airliner, the explosion of a terrorist's bomb all spring to mind – it's hard to imagine a time in which it took weeks for North Americans to hear even an inkling of such epic events as the Battle of Waterloo. But when word of Waterloo did reach the loyalists of what is now Canada in July 1815, the bells pealed here as joyously as they'd pealed in June in the villages of England.

A generation later, New York publishers financed the Halifax-Digby express solely to beat what they saw as unscrupu-



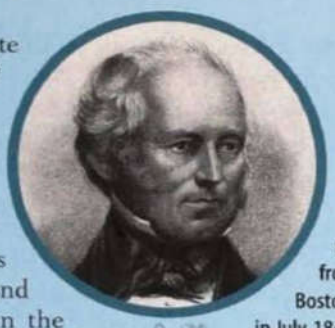
Built around 1790, "Entertainment House" (now a restaurant) in the village of Granville Ferry, across the water from Annapolis Royal, was the first licensed inn in Nova Scotia, and a stopping point for the pony express. The barroom of the tavern had a large opening on the east side into which a hurried traveller could ride his horse, order a drink, down it, fling coin in payment, and ride out again.

JEANNE DENEE / WHITE RAVEN RESTAURANT

An example of an original 1850 Morse receiving register. American artist and inventor Samuel Morse is universally associated with the telegraph as a result of the invention of the code bearing his name. He introduced the first telegraph in 1837. Ten years later, his communications system was chattering through a dozen cities in eastern North America, revolutionizing the newsgathering business. In 1849, a series of telegraph lines connected New York to Saint John, New Brunswick, but went no further. The Halifax-Digby road was the gap where the horse, as a bearer of news, made a last stand. But it wasn't long before Halifax, too, like the rest of the western world, was linked by telegraph.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS PUBLIC AFFAIRS / CN 37402

lous operators in the race to distribute news from England. In a paper AP Halifax correspondent John W. Regan read aloud in Halifax eighty-seven years ago, he said that in the late 1840s the news reached Halifax in "fortnightly budgets" from London, and that "vast American interests of national, commercial, social, and individual importance hinged upon the state of the markets and the other contents of the sealed dispatches received in Halifax by way of the pioneer steamships. ... Great business interests depended upon the state of the markets, and the course of foreign trade and policies." That was why six New York papers – the *Sun, Herald, Tribune, Express, Courier and Enquirer,* and *Journal of Commerce* – formed the world's first cooperative news-gathering organization, called it the Associated Press, and early in 1849 sent to Halifax the redoubtable Daniel Craig.



Halifax-born Samuel Cunard (1787-1865), left, revolutionized transatlantic travel by starting the first regularly scheduled steamship service between Britain and North America. Cunard's first paddle steamer, *Britannia*, made the crossing from Liverpool to Halifax and then Boston in fourteen days and eight hours in July, 1840. By 1849, Cunard had nine steamships crossing the Atlantic, and had shaved three days off the running time.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C-007044

David Hale, right, is credited as the Father of the Associated Press. By midnineteenth century, competition among New York newspapers to be first with the news was cutthroat. It was every man for himself as reporters vied to get to the boats arriving from Europe with the news of the day. Violence broke out and costs mounted. Finally, in 1847, Hale, managing editor of the *Journal of Commerce*, broached his rivals with the notion of cooperation in news gathering. They would share the costs, but they would share the benefits, too. Six New York newspapers agreed and the Associated Press was born.

ASSOCIATED PRESS

The Cunard ship *Canada* was one of four paddle wheelers plying the Atlantic in the late 1840s, which carried news for Associated Press newspapers. She could make the Liverpool-Halifax run in 8 1/2 days.

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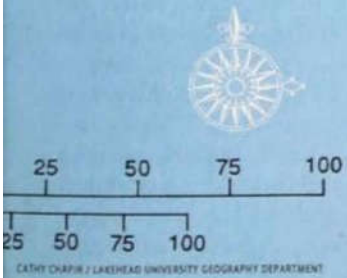


CATHY CHAPIN / LAKEHEAD UNIVERSITY GEOGRAPHY DEPARTMENT

A hefty New Englander with a square jaw, Craig was already well on his way to becoming what Oliver Gramling in his 1940 history, *AP: The Story of News*, called "one of the great news gatherers of his time." Working out of Boston before the telegraph service, he'd inaugurated a pigeon post. He met the Cunarders well offshore, summarized the European news, and sent it ashore by pigeon to newspapers in Boston, New York, and Baltimore. In calm weather, he boarded the incoming steamships, got his package of European papers, returned to his own boat, and as he made for shore, prepared the dispatches and released the birds. In stormy weather, crew of the Cunarders put the papers in watertight half-gallon cans, and chucked them overboard for Craig to pick up.

When AP posted Craig to Halifax, he may not have been a stranger to the city. Regan, in his 1912 paper, said that even before the pony express, Boston news interests had chartered a fast steamer to meet Cunarders at Halifax and rush back ahead of them with the European news: "On the very first trip Craig was one of the correspondents, and he had managed to secrete two carrier-pigeons in a basket, and he released them from his cabin window 50 miles outside Boston with the most important foreign intelligence, which was published before the press boat reached the city." There were, clearly, no flies on Craig.

Nor on his express. "Fortnightly, day and night, in good weather and bad weather the dispatch riders tore through the lonely country," Regan wrote, "bearing the European intelligence to the people of the United States." Even before the steamer had docked, Craig or an agent of his met it, fetched the dispatches, which had been prepared and sealed in England, came ashore, and handed them to a waiting rider. With the news in a bag with a shoulder strap, the rider charged off. Every nineteen kilometres, or twelve miles, another horse awaited him, and as he approached each relay post he blew a shrill blast on his horn to warn the stable ahead. The moment he hopped off the exhausted steed, he leaped on a fresh one. At Kentville, 100-odd kilometres and perhaps nine horses out of Halifax, a second horseman took over for the long series of rides down the Annapolis Valley to salt water at Digby Gut.

Near Avonport, a horse incapacitated a rider by throwing him, but "a resident of the locality, and a fine horseman, jumped into the saddle and galloped through."

"The riders aroused terrific excitement as they pounded across the country, and villagers lined the roadsides to cheer them when they passed," Gramling wrote. "Several miles outside of Digby a cannon was fired to notify the boat captain that the express had been sighted. The captain got up steam and sent a yawl to meet the rider."

Chartered exclusively for AP's use, the steamer crossed the Bay of Fundy to Saint John, N.B. From there, the news shot by wire to New York. Meanwhile, the Cunarder, having left Halifax, was still plodding westward toward the U.S. The steamship charter alone cost AP $1,000 per crossing, but the system was worth every nickel the New York papers paid for it. It got the European news into AP's hands as much as thirty-six hours before the Cunarder reached the U.S.

Hiram Hyde, a stagecoach operator, ran Craig's pony express, and boasted it carried the news "as fast as horse flesh can do it, and live." Rivals of AP, however, founded a competing service, run by a character named Barnaby, and for a little while a century and a half ago, the people of the Annapolis Valley were treated to regular relay races.

The express passing through the village would cause as much excitement as the arrival of an English steamer at Halifax. Sometimes Hyde added excitement by wagering he could carry the dispatches between any two given places in less time than Barnaby.

"I distinctly recall people standing in the street, waiting to catch a glimpse of the riders, and the eagerness to help change the saddle from tired to fresh horses while the riders walked about briskly to overcome the cramped feeling from hard riding," John Hall of Lawrencetown in the Annapolis Valley remembered shortly after the turn of the century. "Then the riders were helped into the saddle and were off like a flash. ... In one race the Barnaby horse was a fine chestnut, weighing 1,000 or 1,100 pounds, while the rival equine was a bay with a white stripe, and weighed 900 pounds. Barnaby won easily and there was cheering at our stable."

Newspapers, then as later, liked to tell readers about improvements in news transmission, and on March 10, 1849, the *British Colonist* of Halifax reported:

> *On Thursday morning, immediately after the arrival of the steamer from England, two Expresses ... left this city traveling at a rate of speed that is, we believe, unprecedented in this country. The parties engaged here to convey were Mr. Hyde and Mr. Barnaby. Hyde's express arrived at Digby Neck at 28 minutes before 12 o clock, accomplishing the distance of 146 miles in 8 1/2 hours – having met with several accidents and interruptions. At Windsor a delay of 20 minutes occurred; and after starting, Mr. Hamilton, the courier at that place, when crossing the bridge, broke his stirrup, and was thrown from his horse with such force that he lay insensible for some time; he, however, remounted, and though lamed, with one stirrup, performed his route with astonishing dispatch.*
>
> *A distance of 18 miles, from Kentville, was performed by Mr. Thad Harris in 58 minutes. The steamer* Conqueror, *chartered to convoy Hyde's Express to Saint John, was waiting in readiness when the express arrived. Barnaby's Express arrived 2 1/2 minutes before Hyde's, but the steamer* Commodore, *engaged by his party, had not made her appearance.*

The Hyde-Craig express outlasted its rival, and between February 21, when it began, and November when it ended, missed but one trip. The average galloping time was eight hours, which means the express ran at roughly twenty-nine kilometres (eighteen miles) per hour, including delays.

"On one occasion," Regan wrote, "45 miles between Halifax and Windsor was covered in one hour and 45 minutes." Until the arrival of railroads, no one had ever been able to travel faster than a galloping horse. For the times then, the speed of Nova Scotia's pony express was breakneck – and dangerous. "Mention is made of a bridge at Horton being left open for repairs," Regan continued, "as the dispatch rider was not expected, but the steamer arrived early at Halifax, and the rider came during the night, which was very dark. The horse leaped the open space in the bridge, 18 feet, and the rider

didn't know until reaching the next station just what was the explanation."

Hurtling through a covered bridge over the Avon River on another inky night, a courier's horse slammed into a wooden post and fell dead. The rider suffered severe injuries. It was near Avonport, too, that another horse incapacitated a rider by throwing him, but in this case, "William B.T. Piers, a gentleman formerly of Halifax but then a resident of the locality, and a fine horseman, jumped into the saddle and galloped through [with the dispatches]."

The show had to go on. The news had to get through.

Meanwhile, Halifax buzzed with stories about the coming of the electric telegraph, and with Tory objections about the Liberal government's plans to run it. A man who identified himself only as "A Conservative Merchant" complained to the press:

> *I have heard the whole line through this Province is to be under the control of the Government. Is that Government so entitled to confidence – so impartial in its favors, so rigorous in its justice, that the Conservatives will place undoubting confidence in it?*
>
> *Suppose, for instance, that upon the receipt of news from England touching the price of flour, a merchant wanted to communicate instantly with Canada. Is a Conservative or, indeed, any dealer certain that Mr. McNab [James McNab, the receiver-general] might not claim an hour's preference till his purchases were ordered? Perhaps even George Young [a member of the government's Executive Council] who, as usual, has thrust himself into this affair, might doff his toga for an hour, and turn a penny by becoming a flour dealer. ... I would not trust a member of the present Government one inch further than I could see him.*

The *Colonist*, as Tory as Liberal eminence Joseph Howe was Grit, naturally agreed that the government "should throw the whole line into the market" and entrust it entirely to "private speculation." But the paper also argued that, no matter who owned the telegraph system, the very success of "Craig's Express" proved the telegraph's time had come:

> *The* America *arrived on last Thursday morning and incredible as it may seem, the English and foreign news which she carried was published in New York on the same evening. This news was expressed from hence to Digby, thence by steamer to New Brunswick, thence by telegraph dispatch, and every merchant and burgess in New York knew the state of the American markets in 18 hours after the arrival [in Halifax] of the* America. *Had the electric telegraph been in operation in Nova Scotia, the news our harbor."*

Even before the express, the Boston *Post* had anticipated the telegraph's reaching Halifax. On Christmas Day, 1848, the *Post*'s correspondent wrote from Halifax: "Time was when Nova Scotia was thought to be near out of the world ... but thanks to the inventive genius of Fulton and the enterprise of Cunard, it is now only 48 hours travel from Boston ... Here the earliest news is invariably received from the old world, and when the telegraph lines are extended to this city from Boston, the important foreign news must all be telegraphed from this city to all parts of the United States, and will partially relieve the anxiety felt in New York, and Boston, when the steamers from England make lengthy passages, as their safety can be heralded by the light-

Pony Express Rides Again!

The pony express from Halifax to Digby Gut may in the long scheme of human affairs have been little more than the blink of a horse's eye, as Harry Bruce writes, but that horse will blink again this fall.

To celebrate the 150th anniversary of the original pony express, the Pony Express Sesquicentennial Committee has scheduled a reenactment of the original 232-kilometre horse race. Beginning at Halifax docks September 28 with the arrival of the Cunard liner *Queen Elizabeth II* and ending October 2 at Victoria Beach, across the Annapolis Basin from Digby, the riders will take the Old Post Road (roughly Highway 1 today) at what is being described by one organizer as "a more sedate pace" than the original relay. Speed was of the essence 150 years ago, and riders stopped in towns along the route only to quickly switch horses in order to make the boat to Saint John in under nine hours. Fun will be more of the essence this fall, as riders in the four-day relay stop in such towns as Mount Uniacke, Windsor, and Bridgetown to attend celebrations marking the occasion.

The riders will carry a message brought from England on the QEII and then gather more messages from schoolchildren along the way. One hundred and fifty years ago, getting the news to New York newspapers was the goal. New York remains the goal of this enterprise, too. But the terminus this time is a school. And organizers say they'll have to find a more modern way to convey the messages. There's no telegraph line between Saint John and New York anymore.

ning fingers of Morse's electric steed, even before the ship arrives at the Halifax wharf."

When the electric steed did reach Halifax in November 1849, the real steeds and their riders quit risking their necks to speed world news to American readers. Craig, however, stayed in Halifax till 1851, and continued to demonstrate his ingenuity for AP. For a while, a promoter who schemed to control his own monopoly of foreign news somehow tied up the wire out of Halifax to delay the transmission of Craig's reports. Craig retaliated.

The moment a steamer arrived off Halifax, he sent secret orders to the telegraph operator in Amherst, N.S., near the New Brunswick border, to start transmitting the Bible to New York. Meanwhile, Craig collected the news from the steamship and sent it by pony express to Amherst. "It took five hours for the Express to reach Amherst and, during that whole time, the Amherst operator continued his sending of Scripture to The Associated Press in New York," Gramling wrote. "Sometimes he got through Genesis and well into Exodus before the Express arrived, and he could start sending the news from Europe."

This was the first time a news outfit ever monopolized a telegraph line by sending a book, but it was far from the last. In the heyday of sensational journalism in Canada, eight decades later, the Toronto *Star* pulled the identical trick to preserve its scoop on the rescue of the crew of a German aircraft that had crashed on an island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

"This was the last time in Canada a reporter was permitted to hold a telegraph line open by filing a magazine or book," Ross Harkness wrote in his 1963 biography, *J.E. Atkinson of the Star*. "The howls of rage [against the *Star* reporters] for the trick, which newspapers had practised for years, were so great that Canadian telegraph companies adopted a regulation that wires would be reserved only if legitimate news was being transmitted."

Craig performed so ably in Halifax that in 1851 AP named him its general agent. Summarizing his career till then, Gramling wrote, "He established the first AP office on foreign soil, in Halifax. ... He arranged for the first AP pony express to rush the exclusive news of an attempt to assassinate Queen Victoria in London. He sent AP's first all-wire message of European news from Halifax. ... He successfully advocated the first AP controlled wire from New York to Boston to Saint John to Halifax. And he brought AP its first large bloc of outside clients when he induced the papers in Boston to subscribe to the Halifax-European pony express before the telegraph reached Nova Scotia."

By the time Craig returned to the U.S., his bluenose ally Hiram Hyde had a contract to erect a telegraph line from Pictou to Sydney, N.S. The pony express was already a memory. Soon, telegraph lines would stretch all the way to the Pacific. Soon, an underwater cable would span the Atlantic. Soon, the Cunarders would have little use for Halifax. Far offshore, they'd steam past on nonstop voyages to New York.

Harry Bruce is a Halifax-based freelance journalist and author of a dozen nonfiction books, the most recent of which are *An Illustrated History of Nova Scotia* and *The Pig That Flew: The Battle to Privatize Canadian National*.

The

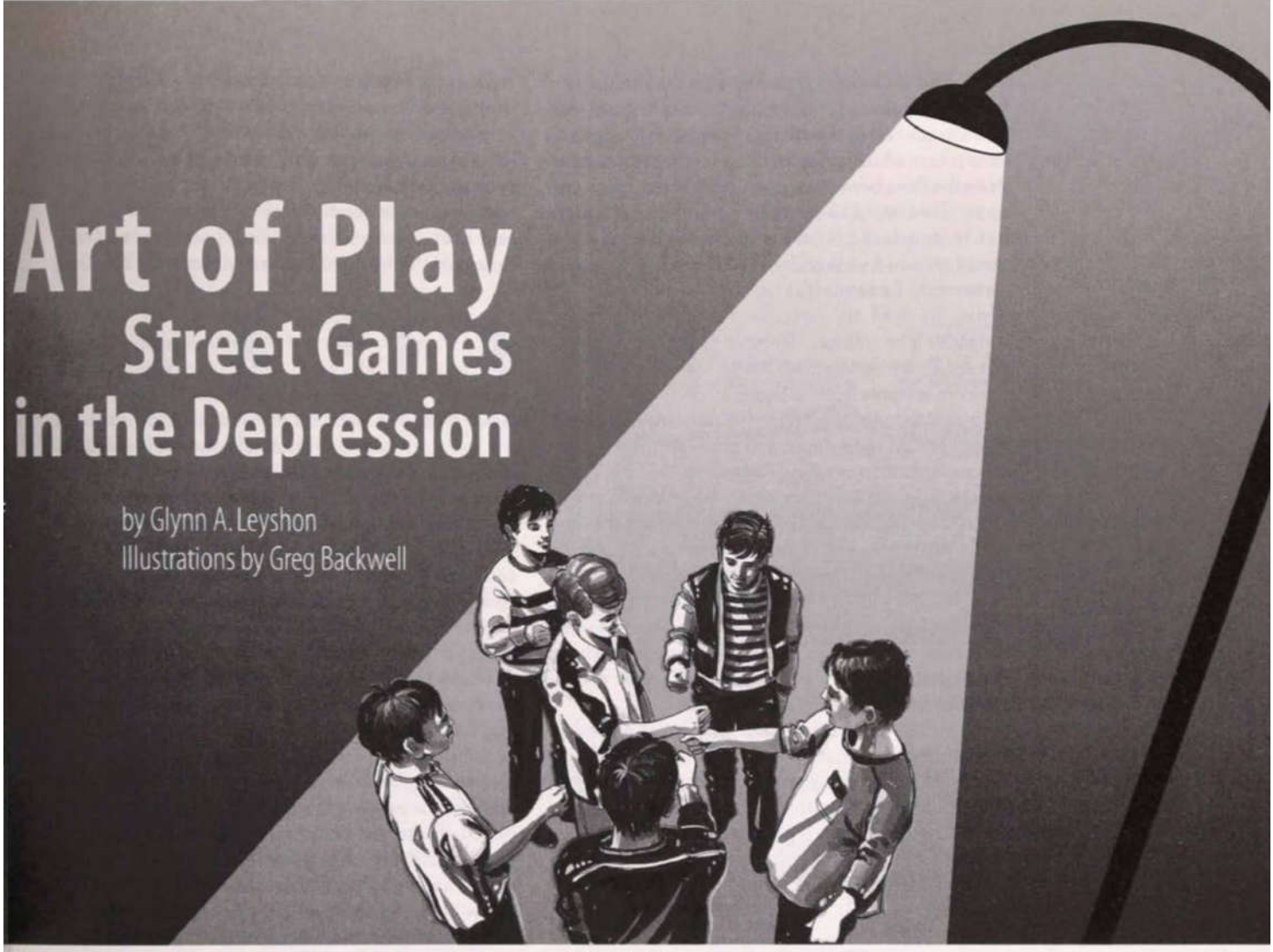
The street games of children in the Great Depression were a product of the times. Like most children's games, they were handed down from the previous generation, but because so many people, particularly in the working class, faced extreme financial restrictions in the 1930s, the games were caught in a time warp. While the natural progression of play activities has tended to grow more and more sophisticated over time, Depression pastimes were a throwback – children were left to their own devices and initiatives just as they were in an earlier time. There was little or no adult supervision, little or no equipment, and the games were played out on the pavement, in the alleys, and in back lanes. Parks and playgrounds had little role in the Depression. There were too few of them to handle the teeming hordes of children occupying the streets. In the working-class district where I grew up in Hamilton, a single block had to accommodate fifty children, and, apart from the gravel surface of the local school grounds, there was no place to play but the road. However, few autos made for light traffic, and pedophiles were unheard of. In most respects, the streets were safe.

Street games in the 1930s held out a promise of hope for Depression children. Their parents faced consequences of a harsh economy over which they had little or no control. Many ordinary working Canadians had played by the rules of society, had been penalized with unemployment and poverty through no fault of their own, and looked to the future pessimistically. For children, rules and penalties were givens in their games, but within those conventions there was the glimmer of victory. A game would work toward a climax, usually a triumph of skill, speed, or strength, with the occasional soupçon of chance. Fate could be reversed.

American sociologist Jessie Hubbell Bancroft studied children's games and found that in North

Art of Play
Street Games in the Depression

by Glynn A. Leyshon
Illustrations by Greg Backwell



America most originated, not surprisingly, in the settlers' countries of origin. She lists four hundred games and notes that though they arose in different parts of the world under different names, many were essentially the same.

A good example of the universality of games is the selection of "it," which went something like this: an older player became the counter for the group as everyone stood arranged in a circle under a street light (the home base) with fists out, thumbs uppermost. The counter chanted the following rhyme hitting each outstretched fist with his own on each accented syllable:

One potato, two potato
Three potato, four.
Five potato, six potato,
Seven potato, more.

The fist struck on the "more" syllable went behind the owner's back and the count continued until only one fist remained. That person was "it." Yes, it was a prolonged ritual, but no one questioned the process because it was fair and equal—a selection by chance. No one was taken advantage of due to his or her lack of size or strength. According to Bancroft, counting-out rhymes are universal and ancient. Practised by adults, they were emulated by children. In the Bible, she notes, the Roman soldiers cast lots for Jesus's garments at the Crucifixion, while the incantations may contain Latin words or reflect episodes from historical eras. A good example is the "Ring around a rosie" rhyme, which arose during the bubonic plague in the fourteenth century. The "all fall down" line represents the plague victims succumbing to their ailment.

Another selection process in those bygone days, used in such games as hide-and-seek, required the group to stand in a circle while one person faced a lamp pole and cushioned his forehead on his forearm against it. Another person, usually the oldest, chanted, "I draw a pie (snake) upon your back and

One Potato, Two Potato ... Determining "it," the person who would find or catch the other players, was a necessary prelude to many games. One method of elimination involved a ritual knocking of fists while chanting a rhyme. The fist struck on the last syllable went behind the owner's back, and saved its owner from being "it." The ritual continued until only one fist remained.

in it I put a cherry (eye). Who put it in?" Meanwhile, of course, another player reaches out and jabs the middle of the first player's back. Before the victim can whirl and guess his victimizer, he must describe the chore to be executed if he guesses correctly. This might be something like "run to Smitty's house, touch the back door, run back here, then count to one hundred by fives." Should he guess incorrectly, he himself is "it." Thus, he had to carefully consider the chore. If he guessed wrong, he had to perform it himself, so it wasn't smart to make the chore too difficult or tedious. If he guessed right, he had to make the chore onerous enough to give everyone time to hide.

After "it" was chosen, he was required to run to Smitty's house, then cover his eyes and count to five while the others hid. If the "it" spotted a person, he shouted, "one, two, three on Billy" and ran and touched the pole. If Billy could sprint to the pole and touch it first, he was home free. As well, anyone else could try to get to the pole and shout "home free" to escape being caught. The last person caught was usually the next "it."

A variation of this game, which we played as boys in the east end of Hamilton in the '30s, was Relievo, known in some places as Ringalievio. Recorded as early as the 1840s, the game involved choosing sides of fairly even proportion, with ages ranging from eight or nine to young teens. The "in" team would select a jail, usually the square of sidewalk immediately under a streetlight (the game was only played at dusk or later), then the "out" team would hide as the "in" team counted.

Capturing one of the "out" team required more than a mere sighting. You also had touch him in some way, either on top of the head, or on both head and butt ("bobbed and tailed") or slapped three times on the back, which was our ritual. The "ins"

could hunt as a pack for the single target "outs." If the three strokes failed to touch the back exactly, it did not count as a capture, which became the point of many disputes. "Out" players would struggle mightily even to the point of throwing themselves on their backs and lashing out with their feet to prevent being tagged between the shoulder blades. Once captured, the man had to stand docilely in the jail under the light for all to see his shame, unless a teammate could scream out of the darkness, plant a foot in the jail, and holler "Relievo" at the top of his lungs, which signalled the release of all prisoners. Oh, it was exciting!

The logical progression of such a game would dictate that the "out" team and the "in" team would change places at some point. But this never happened. There was no time. Most children, especially the younger ones, were under instruction to come in when the streetlight came on. No one seemed to mind being on the "in" team, and in retrospect it was probably because the "ins" found the game as exciting as the "outs." There was certainly no shortage of pounding feet echoing down alleys, exciting chases, shouts of discovery, and cries of surprise or help. As with all games of the era, there were no scores kept, no time limits observed, no adults involved, no equipment, no officials, and no MVPs or postseason banquets. The game was self-directed, self-initiated, and sparked by the need to entertain oneself using only one's own resources.

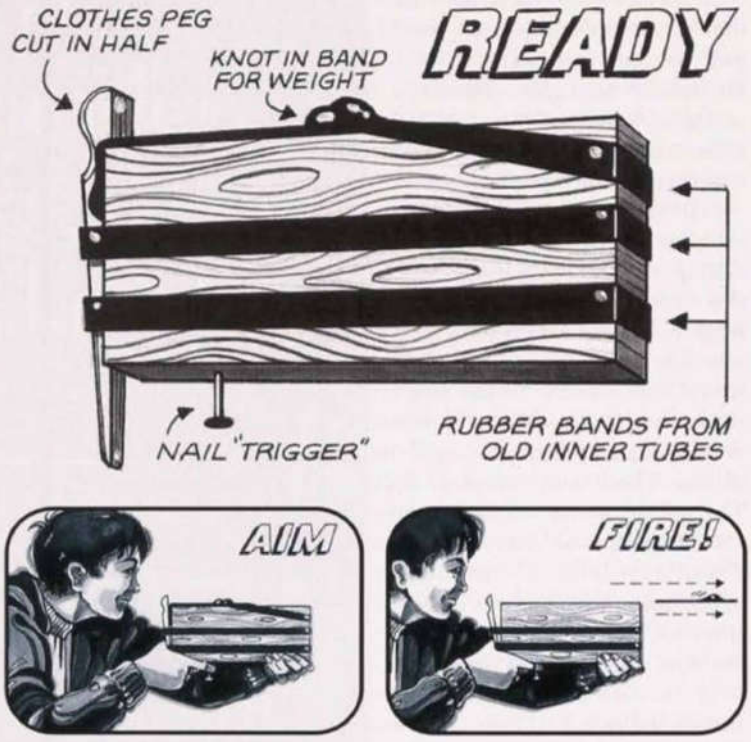
Few kids walk to school today so they could not know the pleasures of playing marbles in the gutter along the way. Up to about age ten, exclusively in the spring, most boys carried marbles to shoot on the way to and from school as well as at noontime. One player would toss his marble into the gutter and draw a line with his toe about five or six feet away. The shooter would stand behind the line, take his agate between thumb and forefinger, and throw it like a dart at the target marble. If he struck the other's marble, he could keep it, whereupon the defeated would pluck another from his bag or pocket and challenge to recoup his loss. Should the shooter miss, he would immediately shout "burn-

Fence Walking
On autumn evenings in the Depression in east-end Hamilton, boys would take to walking backyard fences. It was a pastime with hints of danger and lawlessness, which only added to the excitement. Falling into a neighbour's vegetable garden was a real possibility. And then there was the dog.

sies." "Burning" consisted of standing with the outside of your foot against your marble and then bringing the opposite foot smartly into contact, much in the manner of a guardsman coming to attention. This propelled the agate a few feet further away. A shout of "no burnsies" meant, naturally, the opposite – the marble would remain where fate had placed it – so that the second shooter would have a closer shot. There was also a rule spelling out the distance between marbles that could constitute a hit. If my marble landed close to yours, and I could touch both with the span of my hand, that was considered a hit. Playing this way slowed the progress to school, but the amount of practice turned some boys into real sharpshooters.

Among the other street games played in daylight was "bad egg," sometimes called "spud" or "call ball." Our version consisted of someone screaming out "one for bad egg" followed by the rest calling out his or her own number. Number one then stood in the centre of the road, took an India rubber ball or a sponge rubber ball, and threw it as high and as straight up as possible. When the ball reached apogee, he hollered a number and that person had to retrieve the ball either on the fly or on one bounce. If he succeeded, he, in turn, threw the ball and called a number. If the person called missed the catch, he had to run and retrieve the ball while the others fled. But once he'd retrieved the ball, he would yell "freeze," and everyone had to stop. Then he would throw the ball at someone. If he hit the fellow, his victim was credited with one bad egg. If he missed, he, the thrower, had one bad egg. When a person accumulated three bad eggs he had to stand facing a lamp pole while the others threw the ball at him from across the street. During the throwing and calling sequence, you could start to flee before a number was called. This way you made yourself a poor target. But there was a disadvantage: if you moved too far away, your chances of catching the ball if your number was called worsened. According to American sociologist Iris Vinton, this game is an adaptation of the French *jeu de paume*, which involved the ball bouncing off a wall rather than thrown into the sky. How it came to the east end of Hamilton probably has more to do with osmosis or the universality of kids' games. In any case, however, it was self-monitoring like many of the games we played. The rules themselves prevented cheating and penalized violators. Referees were not needed.

Not all our games lacked equipment. There were elastic guns, for instance – among our more creative endeavours. Boys would beg or steal inner tubing from the corner garage, and then, with a piece of one-inch board approximately eight by ten inches in size, a nail, and a wooden clothespin broken in half and strapped to the wood with the tubing, fashion a weapon complete with trigger and hammer. Ammunition consisted of the same inner tube cut into half-inch circles, knotted at the centre, and tucked into the space between the end of the wood and the top of clothespin. With the other end of the tubing hooked around the front of the gun, the piece was loaded. You only had to squeeze the trigger to open the top end of the clothespin for the gun to fire. With two armies formed, play could begin, and it was hours of fun with ambushes and raids and only the occasional hit in the eye.



Arms and the Boy With store-bought toys often unaffordable, children made their own. A popular item was an elastic gun, made with borrowed (or stolen) inner tubing, a chunk of board, a nail, and a clothespin. Knotted bits of inner tubing provided the ammunition.

Building and riding a scooter was another pastime as well as a source of pride and competition. In the 1930s oranges came from California in wooden crates, which were light yet sturdy enough to be used as the front end of a scooter. Upended and fastened to a two-by-four, the crates were not only the perfect height for children, they had a natural shelf formed by the centre divider and stiffener, which could be used to transport small packages. Conveyed by roller skate wheels, one set attached to each end of the two-by-four, a flotilla of scooters on the trafficless streets made a most satisfying roar and thunder as they swooped and curved, the boxes acting as sounding boards. The most ambitious even attached a headlamp in the form of a coffee can punched full of holes and holding a candle, which would stay lit for seconds at a time if the pace were slow enough.

No reference is made to fence walking in any listing of children's games I could find, but it was certainly well-practised among our group in Hamilton. Always a nighttime activity because fence owners discouraged trespassers, fence walking required good balance. It also held a spice of danger—you could so easily fall into the darkness. Anyone with an ounce of dare in him was easily challenged to walk the top section of the fence (usually a two-by-four) the whole length of the block. You would shuffle along, your pants tucked into your socks so they wouldn't catch on the pickets, and hope that Schneider's dog, Satan, would not be in the yard ready to pull you down into the Stygian black below. Since every Depression yard grew vegetables, one fence-walker fear was plunging headlong into the darkness, landing on a tomato stake, and losing an eye. It never happened, but the danger was there and it was tantalizing.

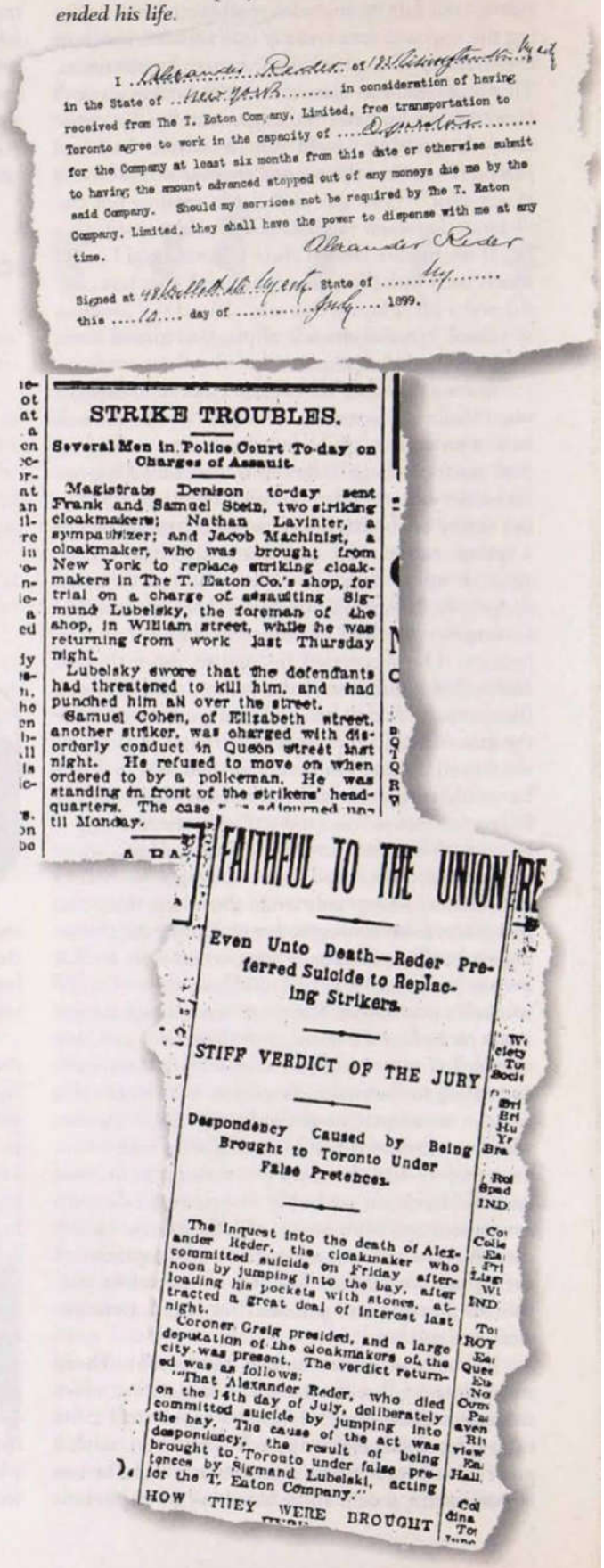
All you needed for this recreation was a crisp autumn evening, a length of fence, and a pair of shoes, usually Sisman Scampers. The boldest and quickest went first, followed by the shaky and slow. Falling produced gales of laughter and made you the butt of jokes. Occasionally, when a duffer sailed into the murk with a muffled cry, the ensuing stifled giggles would convulse the others and cause their downfall, too. In some ways fence walking epitomized the games of the time. It was creative, unsupervised, faintly illicit, and slightly dangerous. There were no rules, equipment, or scores to keep. The self-reliance it engendered was beyond measure.

Of course, we played many more games in those days. There was "setback" with hockey sticks and a frozen road apple from the milkman's horse. We would walk "rubber ice" (thin ice that sagged down to the water supporting it) in a building excavation in the winter, and if we fell through had to sit through class in our damp woolen clothes. There was British Bulldog, Red Rover, Duck-on-a-Rock, Prisoner's Base, Kick the Can, Jimmy Jimmy Longtail, Paper-Scissors-Stone, and Truth or Dare among the other constant and seasonally shifting games with which we Depression children amused ourselves. So despite the shortfall of equipment, conventional playing surfaces, and organization, the pastimes provided an exciting and enthusiastic lifestyle curiously at odds with the apparent dullness of the play among today's children.

Were the games we played important? Play is certainly a learning instrument, a way of absorbing the lesson that rules, wisely conceived and fairly administered, lie at the heart of a civil society. But American sociologist Arnold Arnold believes that children learn these lessons best through the games that they initiate, organize, and execute on their own behalf. He despairs that play today involves adults directing children in structured settings toward specific educational goals. Their learning is devoid of the social and experiential aspects that made the play of my contemporaries so valuable. We children of the Depression may have lacked for the material comforts today's young people enjoy, but in the other, less tangible way we were, I think, blessed.

Glynn A. Leyshon is professor emeritus, faculty of kinesiology, University of Western Ontario, London.

Four days after signing his contract with the T. Eaton Company, Alexander Reder ended his life.



I Alexander Reder of 123 Livingston Ave. in consideration of having in the State of New York received from The T. Eaton Company, Limited, free transportation to Toronto agree to work in the capacity of Designer for the Company at least six months from this date or otherwise submit to having the amount advanced stopped out of any moneys due me by the said Company. Should my services not be required by The T. Eaton Company, Limited, they shall have the power to dispense with me at any time.

Alexander Reder

Signed at 123 Livingston Ave. N.Y. State of July this 10 day of July 1899.

STRIKE TROUBLES.

Several Men in Police Court To-day on Charges of Assault.

Magistrate Denison to-day sent Frank and Samuel Stein, two striking cloakmakers; Nathan Lavinter, a sympathizer; and Jacob Machinist, a cloakmaker, who was brought from New York to replace striking cloakmakers in The T. Eaton Co.'s shop, for trial on a charge of assaulting Sigmund Lubelsky, the foreman of the shop, in William street, while he was returning from work last Thursday night.

Lubelsky swore that the defendants had threatened to kill him, and had punched him all over the street.

Samuel Cohen, of Elizabeth street, another striker, was charged with disorderly conduct in Queen street last night. He refused to move on when ordered to by a policeman. He was standing in front of the strikers' headquarters. The case was adjourned until Monday.

FAITHFUL TO THE UNION

Even Unto Death—Reder Preferred Suicide to Replacing Strikers.

STIFF VERDICT OF THE JURY

Despondency Caused by Being Brought to Toronto Under False Pretences.

The inquest into the death of Alexander Reder, the cloakmaker who committed suicide on Friday afternoon by jumping into the bay, after loading his pockets with stones, attracted a great deal of interest last night.

Coroner Greig presided, and a large deputation of the cloakmakers of the city was present. The verdict returned was as follows:

"That Alexander Reder, who died on the 14th day of July, deliberately committed suicide by jumping into the bay. The cause of the act was despondency, the result of being brought to Toronto under false pretences by Sigmund Lubelski, acting for the T. Eaton Company."

HOW THEY WERE BROUGHT

The Lonesome Death of Alexander Reder, Alien Cloakmaker

by Eric Tucker

By the end of the nineteenth century, politicians could no longer easily overlook the demands of the burgeoning labour movement. New laws began to set minimum standards in employment. One act protected striking Canadian workers by preventing employers from hiring across the line in the U.S. On paper it looked like progressive legislation. But when it came time to put the law into practice, there was an absence of will. Not even a tragic suicide could change the status quo.

On Friday afternoon, July 14, 1899, Alexander Reder loaded his pockets with stones and jumped into Lake Ontario. Alex Johnson, an elevator operator employed at Gooderham's grain elevator, saw Reder leap and hastened to pull him out with a pike pole. Reder was still alive after he was brought to the surface but died about fifteen minutes later despite resuscitation efforts.

A cloakmaker by trade, Reder had just arrived in Toronto after signing a contract in New York City on July 10 with the T. Eaton Company. Sigmund Lubelski, a foreman in the cloakmaking department, had been dispatched to the U.S. to recruit new workers because earlier that month Eaton's employees had gone on strike. According to the contract, Reder was to work as an operator for at least six months. Failure to do so would result in the cost of transportation from New York to Toronto being deducted from his wages.

At the July 17 coroner's inquest, Jacob Machinist, one of the twenty-seven workers signed by Lubelski, testified that he and the other workers had been given assurances no strike was in progress between Eaton's and its employees, which was contrary to an advertisement in a Hebrew-language newspaper published in New York warning of the very strike. When the men reached Toronto they learned the truth and refused to work. A number of the men, including Reder, confronted Lubelski, demanding that he pay their return fare. Lubelski refused. Another New York cloakmaker, Joseph Newman, testified that on Friday morning he had spoken with a despondent Reder, who said he would rather starve than work as a "scab."

Sigmund Lubelski also testified at the inquest. He openly admitted to signing Reder to a contract in New York City. Indeed, he produced the contract.

The inquest was attended by a large delegation of cloakmakers, and six police were dispatched to maintain order. The jury's verdict pleased the crowd:

> *That Alexander Reder, who died on the 14th day of July, deliberately committed suicide by jumping into the bay. The cause of the act was despondency, the result of being brought to Toronto under false pretences by Sigmund Lubelski, acting for the T. Eaton Company.*

The use of replacement workers during strikes was both commonplace and legal. There was, however, one exception. The *Alien Labour Act* of 1896 prohibited the importation of workers from some countries, including the United States, into Canada under contract, unless they fell within an exempted category, such as entertainers. Alexander Reder and the twenty-six other cloakmakers were not exempted under the law. Hence Sigmund Lubelski's sworn testimony before the coroner's jury and his production of Reder's contract of employment amounted to a confession of illegally importing foreign workers.

Daniel J. O'Donoghue, a one-time member of the Ontario Legislative Assembly and a prominent trade unionist with strong ties to the Liberal party, wrote to Prime Minister Wilfrid Laurier two days after the inquest appealing for action to be taken "against the criminals – *murderers*, morally at any rate – in this case." His request fell on deaf ears. Sigmund Lubelski and the T. Eaton Company went unpunished for their violation of the law.

Reder's suicide and its aftermath provides a window onto the processes through which organized labour and employers tried to mobilize state resources to shift the balance of power between them. Employers in the late nineteenth century strongly supported freedom-of-contract ideas when it came to their relations with workers. In their view, the role of the state was to define and protect property and contract rights. Employers should have the right to contract with anyone who was willing to work for the wages the employer was prepared to pay. Employees who found the terms on offer unacceptable were free to leave, but should not be allowed to interfere with other workers who were prepared to take their places.

For this kind of freedom of contract to work in the employers' favour, however, there had to be a labour surplus. During much of the nineteenth century, labour shortages, not surpluses, prevailed, and so employers favoured policies that permitted the recruitment of foreign workers, largely from the British Isles.

By and large, the interests of employers were supported in labour law and state immigration policy. The law recognized that workers were permitted to join trade unions and strike, but it prohibited them from engaging in a wide range of activities that might interfere with the rights of employers and other workers who were not members of the union to contract freely with each other. In regard to immigration, there was nothing to stop employers from actively recruiting workers from outside the country. Indeed, government immigration agents assisted their efforts.

Unionized workers never accepted the legitimacy of strikebreakers. Then as now, strikebreaking was the leading cause of picket-line violence, and provided the most frequent occasion to call police and lay criminal charges against striking workers. As well, unionized workers campaigned unsuccessfully to restrict the recruitment activities of immigration agents, complaining that excess competition was driving wages below the level necessary to support a respectable standard of living for a workingman's family.

How, then, did the *Alien Labour Act* come to be enacted? Its roots go back to the 1880s, a decade in which organized labour in Ontario was beginning to develop a presence and an ability to influence politicians. For instance, organized labour successfully lobbied the Liberal government of Oliver Mowat to enact the 1886 *Factories' Act*, one of the first statutes to provide minimum standards in employment. That same year, John Morison Gibson, a Liberal member from Hamilton, introduced Bill 46, which aimed to void contracts of employment entered into outside the province. This was required, Gibson explained, because Ontario workers needed "a sort of protection" against the practice of employers "to arrange with labour across the line to come in and neutralise the effects of the strike."

Neither Mowat nor the opposition leader, William Meredith, disagreed with the intent of Gibson's bill and it was referred to a select committee. Inspired by the *Foreign Contract Labor Act* passed by the United States the previous year, the legislators modified Gibson's bill by allowing workers – but not their employers – to enforce such foreign contracts, and by exempting certain workers – primarily cultural and professional workers and those whose skills were in short supply. The amended bill passed.

Despite the apparent legislative consensus that importation of labour under contract was undesirable, especially when used to break strikes, the law did little to stop the practice. It merely prevented the employer from enforcing contracts made in violation of the Act, but it did not prohibit the importation of foreign labour. An employer who imported contract labour faced no penalties or sanctions.

In time, the federal government enacted its own law. This was in response to the Americans more stringently enforcing their *Foreign Contract Labor Act* in the late 1880s. Canadian workers soon felt its pinch. For example, in 1889 between 250 and 300 residents of the border town of Gananoque complained employment had been denied them in the United States. The following year, their Tory member of Parliament, George Taylor, introduced a private member's bill copying the American act. Labour organizations and a few other members supported the bill, but both the Conservative government and the Liberal opposition rejected in principle such restrictions on labour mobility. Nevertheless, they were concerned about American actions against Canadian workers and used the opportunity to signal their displeasure. The bill was given second reading and referred to a select committee, which recommended that the matter be put over to the next session, to be acted upon only if no satisfactory arrangement was made with the United States.

In fact, the government was unable to negotiate a satisfactory resolution of its dispute with the United States over the application of the law to Canadian workers. Despite this, it still refused to support Taylor's bill, reintroduced year after year. The minister of justice, John Thompson, justified his government's stand on the ground that retaliatory action would be ineffective and that Taylor's bill would impede the overriding goal of promoting immigration of working people into Canada.

The turning point came after the defeat of the Conservatives at the polls in 1896. Although the new prime minister, Wilfrid Laurier, had not been a supporter of retaliatory legislation in opposition, grievances were mounting over the application of the American law to Canadian citizens. Members from both parties were under pressure from their constituents to have some government action. Reluctantly, Laurier agreed that a symbolic response to American protectionism was necessary. Thus, the *Alien Labour Act* was passed in April 1897.

The act prohibited the importation of foreign labour into Canada under contract. All employment contracts made outside Canada were void, and persons who were convicted of violating the law were liable to a fine of $1,000. Further, immigrants unlawfully brought into the country could be removed at the expense of the person who had unlawfully brought them in under contract. So as not to harm

legitimate recruitment activities, the act exempted various classes of workers, including skilled workers not available in Canada, from its application.

The act was not passed to prevent the importation of strikebreakers or to reduce competition in the Canadian labour market. It was essentially retaliatory. It applied only to foreign countries that had legislation of a similar character, of which there was only one – the United States. Moreover, the government was anxious to control the use of the act. To this end the legislation stipulated that only the attorney general or his designate could bring proceedings against violators.

In fact, a number of customs officers were appointed by the government as enforcement agents, but by the beginning of the next session numerous complaints were voiced about the act's ineffectiveness. This became abundantly apparent in May 1898 during two strikes in Toronto, one by boot and shoe workers at the J.D. King factory and the other by upholstery workers employed by the Gold Medal Furniture Company owned by W.J. McMurtry, an active member of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

Both employers were alleged to have imported strikebreakers from the United States under contract. This led to picket-line confrontations and the arrest of eight striking workers at the J.D. King factory. E.A. Du Vernet, a rising star of the Toronto bar, was retained to represent these workers and to seek enforcement of the *Alien Labour Act*. Affidavits were secured from some defecting strikebreakers and sent to the minister of justice and, presumably, to two local Conservative members of Parliament, Edward Frederick Clarke and Clarke Wallace, who raised the matter in the House. The government explained that the problem of nonenforcement stemmed from the fact that no agent had yet been appointed to administer the law for the Toronto area.

In response, the government appointed lawyer and former Toronto mayor William Barclay McMurrich to investigate. After several weeks, he declared that the evidence did not warrant application of the alien labour law. The strikes were subsequently settled, but only after another twenty-one workers had been arrested and charged for picket-line activities.

Later in June the strike at Gold Medal resumed when the American replacement workers were given preference over returning strikers. The union gathered additional evidence that Gold Medal and its manager, W.J. McMurtry, were violating the *Alien Labour Act*. This time the government commenced a prosecution against McMurtry and a November 1898 trial date was set. Before the matter proceeded, however, McMurrich was instructed by the Dominion government to desist.

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The designing and cutting room at the T. Eaton Company in Toronto, around 1909.

T. EATON COMPANY LIMITED CATALOGUE, 1901

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA - 011845

George Taylor, a Gananoque, Ontario manufacturer and Conservative member of Parliament, introduced a private member's bill in 1890 designed to prevent the importation of foreign labour into Canada under contract. He had organized labour's support, but both the Conservative government and the Liberal opposition were concerned about restricting labour mobility. Taylor reintroduced the bill year after year, but it never went beyond second reading.

CITY OF TORONTO ARCHIVES / SC 267-57

William Barclay McMurrich, mayor of Toronto in 1881 and 1882, was appointed by the Liberal government in 1898 to investigate charges made by labour advocates that employers were importing strikebreakers from the United States, that the Alien Labour Act *was not being enforced. McMurrich concluded that evidence did not warrant application of the law. Passed in 1897 as a symbolic response to American protectionism, the* Alien Labour Act *remained on the books until it was repealed in 1976 by a revamped immigration act that established a new system for determining eligibility for admission to Canada.*

There are two possible reasons for this turn of events. First, on August 25, McMurtry wrote to Laurier. He insisted the statutory declarations had been obtained when the American upholsterers were drunk. Moreover, he complained, the union had instigated the strike by demanding excessive wages. "We feel satisfied that the Government has no intention of aiding ... a notorious agitator [who is of] ... a certain class of men who expect to share in the proceeds of any firm and whose socialistic qualities give them delight in doing all the damage they can."

But Laurier had larger concerns on his mind. He was scheduled to attend a November meeting in Washington, D.C., of the Anglo-American Joint High Commission, which had opened its sittings in Quebec City in August in an effort to resolve some long-standing disputes between Canada and the United States, including alien labour legislation. Presumably Laurier did not want to risk souring the atmosphere by having the first prosecution under the *Alien Labour Act* conducted in the midst of these discussions. Indeed, E.L. Newcombe, the deputy minister of justice, wrote on November 8 that "at present the Attorney-General is not prepared to authorize any prosecutions under the Act."

Canadian forbearance failed to produce a diplomatic solution with the Americans, nor, as the response to Reder's July suicide and inquest suggests, did the Canadian government adopt a more vigorous enforcement policy.

"LET YOUR LIGHT SO SHINE."
THE WORLD WILL ADMIRE ME FOR THIS
$50,000
IF WE DON'T GET WORK WE'LL STARVE
NO WAGES FOR THREE MONTHS
ALL WE ASK IS WORK
WE ARE IN WANT
Philanthropist: "Yes, and put bells on it."
CITY OF TORONTO ARCHIVES / SC 251
L-220

Timothy Eaton had been dead five years when this cartoon appeared on the front page of the May 4, 1912 issue of Jack Canuck, *a muckraking Toronto journal that criticized social injustice between 1911 and 1918. Nevertheless Eaton appears as the symbol of the fat capitalist contributing proudly to charity with one hand while oppressing workers with the other. At the time, Toronto needle-trades workers, many of them women and immigrants, were on strike against Eaton's poverty-line wages and sweatshop conditions.*

The passivity of the government is even more remarkable given the correspondence with Eaton's that preceded the department store's actions. Anticipating a strike, Eaton's wrote to McMurrich at the beginning of June 1899 seeking permission to import cloakmakers under contract on the ground that there was a shortage in Toronto. Not receiving a prompt response, Eaton's pressed the matter further arguing that, unless they received permission to hire, they would be forced to import merchandise rather than produce it locally. McMurrich passed the information to the minister of justice who instructed him to advise Eaton's that no prosecution would be authorized if the facts were as Eaton's asserted.

The failure of Eaton's to inform the government that its dispute with the cloakmakers' union lay at the heart of its labour shortage should have been seen for what it was: a clear misrepresentation of the facts. This was apparent to McMurrich, even before Reder's suicide. Imported workers had presented him with three statutory declarations alleging that they had been brought to Toronto under contract and under false pretences. McMurrich conveyed the information to the minister of labour and sought instructions. On July 17, the day of the inquest into Reder's death, McMurrich received his reply: the matter was under consideration. And that is where it stayed.

The experience of Toronto workers with the *Alien Labour Act* was repeated elsewhere. There is no evidence that the federal government ever intended to aid striking workers, and even if the act had the potential to do so, the record shows the government was quite willing to see it nullified. A law on the books meant little without the political will to implement it. When it came to legislation favouring the interests of workers, this will was chronically lacking. In the fall of 1899 the Ontario executive of the Trades and Labour Congress noted in its report, "It has been the experience of every labour man that after the fight to get an Act passed has been made and it has been made law the trouble has only commenced, for you have got to keep hammering away all the time to make the Government put the law into force, and if the people who are opposed to the Act have any pull with the Party in power it is almost impossible to get any Act in the interest of labour enforced."

The lonesome death of Alexander Reder, the alien cloakmaker, fully justified this pessimistic conclusion.

Eric Tucker is an associate professor at Osgoode Hall Law School, York University. He is the author of *Administering Danger in the Workplace* and of numerous articles on the history of Canadian labour law.

Right: *Niagara Falls* (1697), attributed to Louis Hennepin

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Picturing the Falls

Niagara through artists' eyes

by Linda Revie The world's greatest waterfall by volume, Niagara Falls is an awesome spectacle that yearly draws millions of sightseers. Painters and illustrators, too, have found in the thundering waters a source of inspiration, and for three centuries have tried to capture its essence on canvas and paper. But, as Linda Revie reveals, each artist has done more than present a pleasing picture. Each has also brought a new perspective to Canadian history.

"From my earliest infancy I had been familiar with the name of Niagara, and, from the numerous pictures I had seen of it, I could, I suppose, have sketched a very accurate likeness of the Horseshoe Fall," confessed Isabella Lucy Bird in her insightful 1856 travel book, *The Englishwoman in America*. Like many visitors to Niagara in the nineteenth century, this astute British writer had already seen many views of the falls in paintings and sketches. By her day, Niagara had been known to Europeans for over two centuries, and the spectacle of falling water was – as it would continue to be well into the twentieth century – a compelling subject for artists and painters.

The first European to visit the majestic waterfalls and record his impressions was Louis Hennepin, a Récollet priest who emigrated to New France in 1675. An illustration made by an anonymous European artist to accompany Hennepin's vivid report came to be the quintessential image of Niagara. Eighteenth-century explorers were drawn to the falls to measure what they saw against what Hennepin wrote, and nineteenth-century travellers like Isabella Bird anticipated the scene through the Hennepin picture. Even well into the twentieth century, the Hennepin prototype was of central importance to the Niagara experience. Because of Hennepin's influence, certain features in the artistic renderings of the falls over the centuries remained constant. Yet at the same time, each artist brought a novel element into his depiction. The backdrop of falling water remained essentially the same, but the figures in the landscape changed, often reflecting shifting political allegiances during charged moments of Canadian history. It is the visual stories within each drawing and painting that link the history of Niagara to that of Canada as a nation.

Hennepin Louis Hennepin, who joined La Salle's expedition to the Great Lakes in 1678, claimed to have seen three waterfalls at Niagara, two of which he reported as broad-backed, 180-metre-tall avalanches of translucent green liquid, and the third, a thin, narrow stream shooting across the widest chute. Overwhelmed, he wrote in his journal: "All that water? But no mountains in sight?" He kept scanning the flat horizon for some clue as to how the New World generated and channelled such a deluge. His reaction may account for his inaccuracies. Niagara has two, not three, falls; no fall is higher than sixty-four metres; and mountains are absent in the Niagara peninsula. Nonetheless, Hennepin's unique description had a great impact on the European artist who was given the task of illustrating the priest's writings, for when the scene was finally etched, there were three waterfalls: one tall and narrow, another tall and broad, the third thin and angled. And in the background, mountains are plainly in view. Included in the foreground, on the eastern bank where Hennepin was supposed to have stood, are four members of the exploration party dressed as seventeenth-century French explorers. In the picture, the illustrator depicts the astonished Europeans registering the psychological impact of the scene: the man on the far left has fallen to the ground, and he holds hands to his head as if dumbfounded by the thunderous din. As Hennepin emphasized in his journal, one "cannot look without Horror." The remaining three witnesses gaze toward the tallest waterfall (later named the American Falls), a wedge of rock that Hennepin describes as the "small sloping island" (Goat Island), and another, wider fall (Canadian or Horseshoe Falls). An extra cascade shoots across the Horseshoe – a curious feature, as the water's source is not obvious.

Other figures placed in the lower right-hand corner, on the bank below the jutting Table Rock plateau, also appear to be baffled by the cross-stream. While they may be in the picture to convey scale and suggest the dwarfing and humbling of the human element before the immensity of nature, their placement is yet another inaccuracy. According to maps drawn during the late seventeenth century, a footpath never existed under Table Rock, nor did any tributary from the Welland or Niagara rivers become the third waterfall. These little embellishments illustrate that Hennepin's engraver relied as much on his imagination as on Hennepin's confusing account.

Hennepin's seminal description and its accompanying sketch were published to great acclaim in Holland in 1698. Many reprints followed, especially during the first half of the eighteenth century, making his the most widely disseminated view of Niagara Falls. Hennepin's perspective was so popular that other artists went to Niagara just to stand in his footsteps and reproduce his view. Of course, thousands of others also painted or drew Niagara from different vantage points – from below the bank, from across the river, from the edge of the brink – but the fact remains that for almost three centuries, artists maintained aspects of Hennepin's original view in their own works. To read these pictures is to explore changing perceptions and attitudes over time.

Kalm An element missing from the Hennepin sketch is the native bearers who were undoubtedly part of La Salle's expedition into the Great Lakes. Subsequent Hennepin-influenced renderings, however, made native people important figures in the landscape. By 1751, when *Gentleman's Magazine* published Swedish botanist Pehr Kalm's impressions, loyalties between natives and Europeans were in flux. Both Britain and France were forging alliances with different native tribes – the French with the Iroquois, the British with the Hurons.

The two cascades that hang straight as sheets, the mountains in the background, and the large coniferous trees on either side of the falls, link this illustration based on Kalm's writing to Hennepin's sketch, but the anonymous printmaker did not include the third cross-stream. And the people in the foreground, the regal rococo-styled gentlemen (with frolicking dog), as well as the two awkwardly drawn figures clinging to a ladder hanging off Goat Island, are different, too. The climbers resemble native labourers who had been hired by the French to haul packs up from the bottom of the gorge.

A View of the Fall of Niagara (1750), attributed to Pehr Kalm

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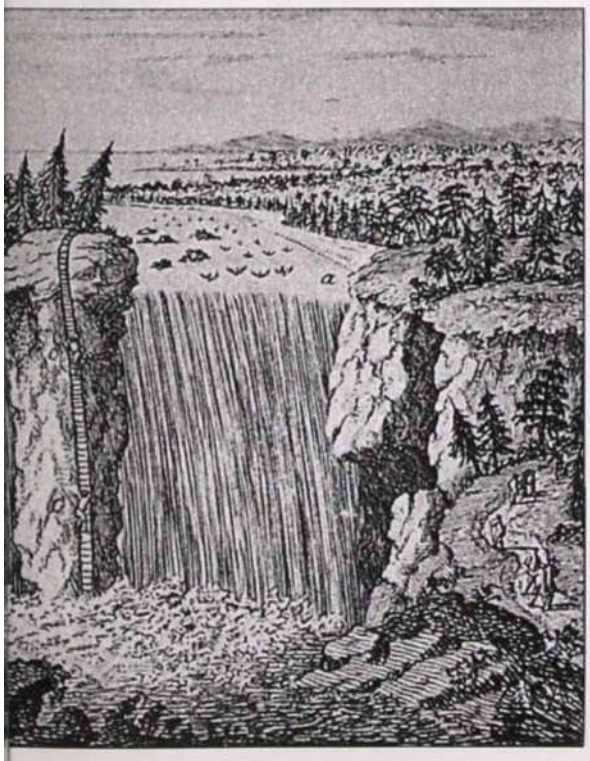
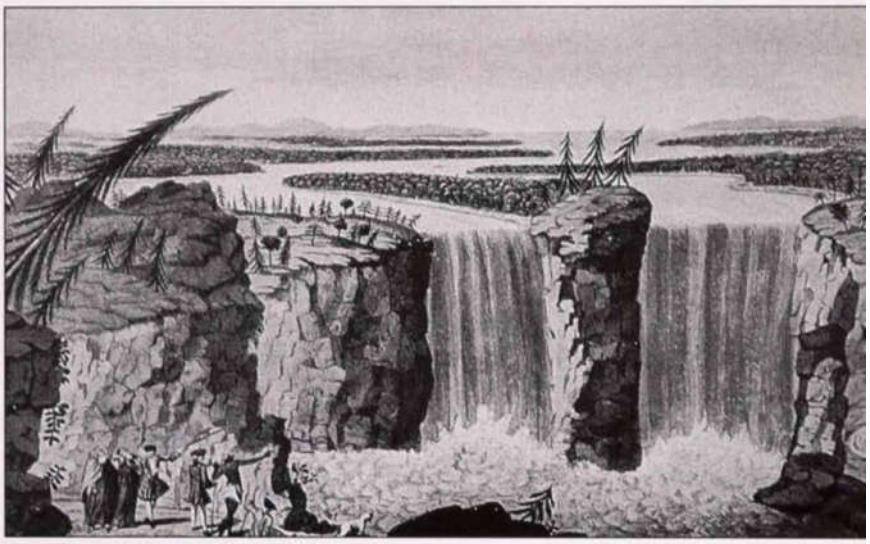
Fuseli Twenty-five years after Kalm, when Swiss portraitist Henry Fuseli painted Niagara, the position of natives in northeastern North America was worsening perceptibly. The British had fought the French for Quebec, gained the support of the Iroquois Confederacy, and were at war with the Americans. From 1775 to 1783, during the Revolutionary War, the Empire courted as many natives as possible, regardless of former ties and affiliations. Niagara became a refuge for North America's natives, who were given gifts of guns and ammunition if they pledged loyalty to the Crown. With the American victory in the Revolutionary War, however, power shifted again, and the people of the Six Nations were caught in the wake of new antagonisms and forced to cede land within their own territories. Fuseli painted Niagara without leaving Europe, but his 1776 impression is based heavily on other accounts. The faintly drawn third cascade and the shimmer of mountains in the background imply that he used the Hennepin print, but the figure who sits, chin resting on hand, dressed in full regalia, cradling his weapons, looks like the Indian icon made popular in another great painting, Benjamin West's 1770 *The Death of General Wolfe*. In that historic scene, a battle-weary warrior also squats on his hunkers, his chin resting contemplatively in his hand.

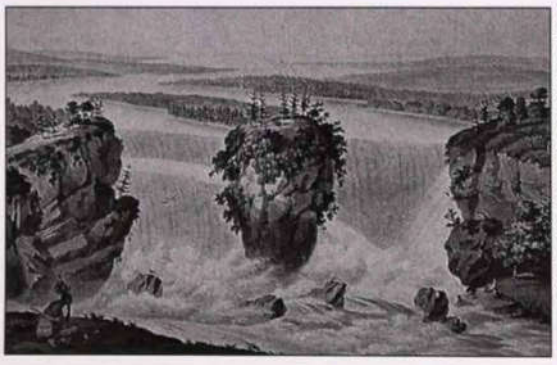
Hancock In the 1790s, with the establishment of the province of Upper Canada, native people were relocated to Crown lands and no longer lived in Niagara. Nevertheless, they remained popular features in Niagara paintings. This 1794 illustration by British engraver and portraitist Robert Hancock, *The Waterfall of Niagara in North America*, contains a gesticulating native guide, a dark-skinned, barely clad man showing Niagara Falls to five robed figures and their little dog. Two of these men are dressed as clerics: they have bushy white beards, their feet are bare, and one walks with a staff. Around their waists are belts of beads with large crosses dangling from the ends. Given the date of this painting, they might be leaders of the pacifist sects (the so-called "Late Loyalists") who were being escorted from America to free land in Canada. And yet they are dressed as French "black robes" (Jesuits) from two centuries earlier. Amplifying the connection between native subservience and European power, Hancock has the guide pointing across the river not at the waterfalls but at figures carrying packs down the path below Table Rock. They may represent friendly natives, members of the Six Nations, allies of the British government in Upper Canada, unlike the American natives on the western frontier who were considered to be enemies interfering with the settlement process.

Below, top: *The Waterfall of Niagara* (1794), by Robert Hancock
Below, bottom: *View of Niagara Falls* (1776), by Henry Fuseli





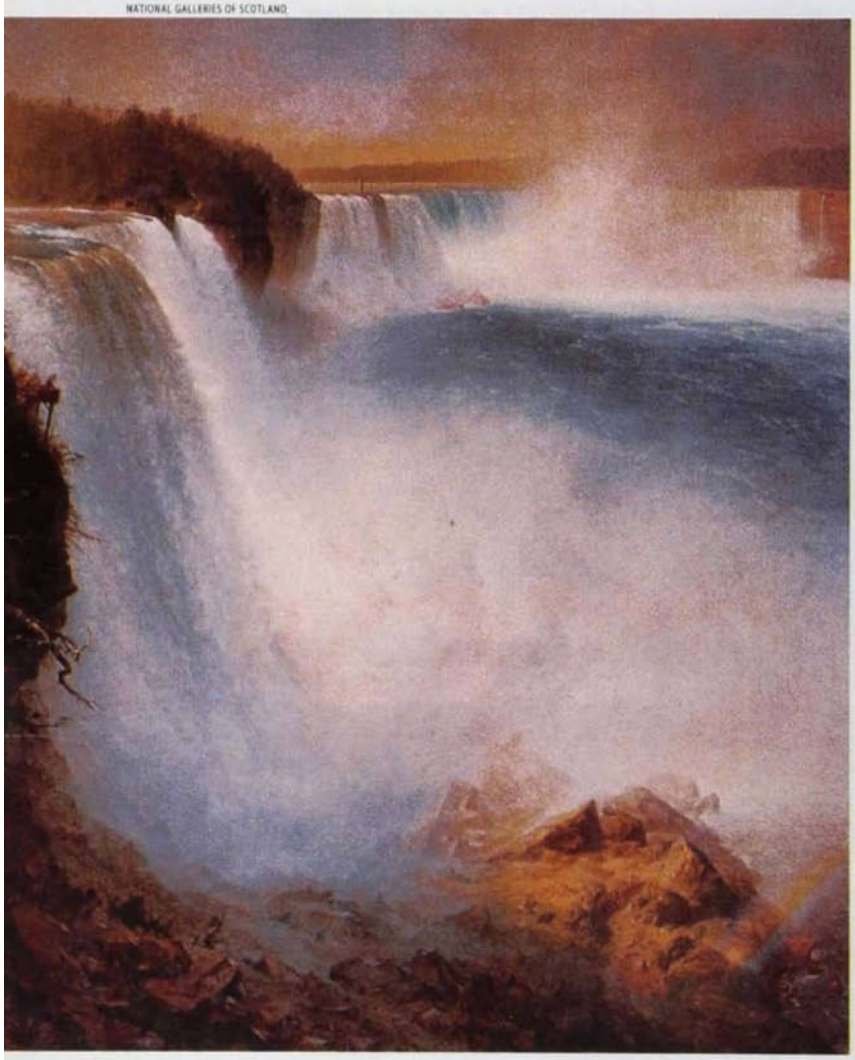
SIGMUND SAMUEL CANADIAN GALLERY / ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM



SIGMUND SAMUEL CANADIAN GALLERY / ROYAL ONTARIO MUSEUM

Church While the Hennepin image remained the backdrop against which little vignettes or historical moments were featured throughout the eighteenth century, in the nineteenth century a new aesthetic came to dominate, which featured romantic views of nature. Typical themes were wild or mysterious landscapes—the "sublime," to use the language of the day. This new art movement had the effect of encouraging travellers to visit various sites to experience for themselves the awesomeness of untamed nature. Niagara was one of these places. Ironically, however, travellers to Niagara also demanded decent accommodation and comfortable transportation, with the result that Niagara's sublimity became more and more commercialized with each tourist season. Painters had to choose their perspectives carefully to block out the annoying sightseers as well as the roads, paths, stairs, and steamboats that got people around the site. Hennepin Point in particular was packed with tourists, and the view of the falls from the American bank was almost totally obscured by tourist facilities. Eventually, seekers of the best sublime views abandoned the familiar Hennepin perspective altogether, in favour of other, less popular vantage points. For example, Frederic Edwin Church, one of the most famous American landscape painters of the nineteenth century, chose in the 1850s and 1860s to paint a number of Niagara views from the brink of the Horseshoe, and from below the bank where Hennepin had stood. *Niagara Falls, from the American Side*, the most Hennepinesque of Church's paintings, emphasizes the immensity and grandeur of nature with the enormous American Falls dominating. In keeping with the doctrine of the sublime as it was practised by American romantics, Church typically includes in this 1867 painting a highly detailed, peopleless foreground, a middle ground with shimmering colour (expressing ideas of air, light, and mist), and a horizon that stretches far back, suggesting the infinite expanse of America. In the seventeenth century, Hennepin had claimed Niagara for France; in the eighteenth, Fuseli had celebrated it as a victory for Britain; and in the nineteenth, Church envisioned the falls as American space.

NATIONAL GALLERIES OF SCOTLAND



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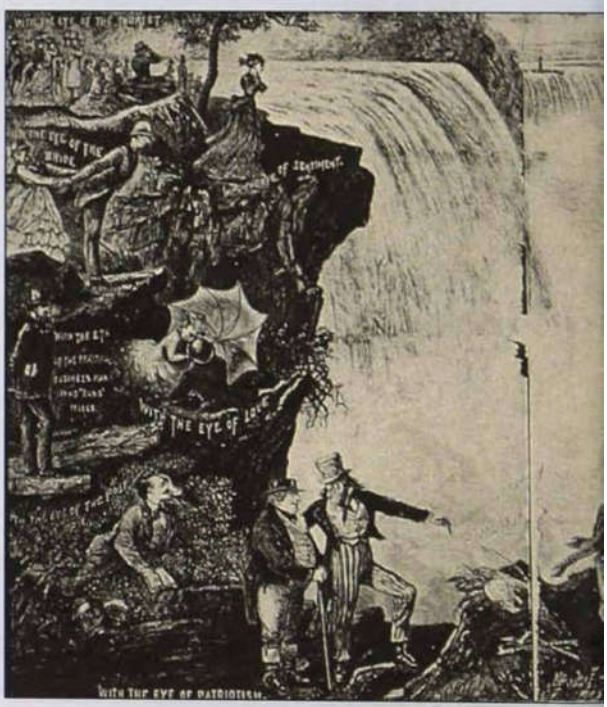

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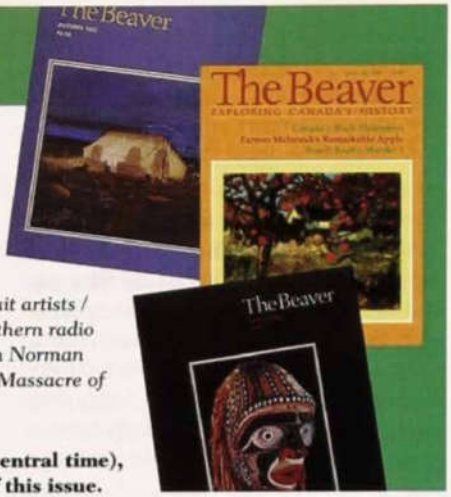

A rich and varied treasury of Canadian history available for $6 a copy, or $10 if a rare issue. (Price includes postage & taxes for North American orders.) **Here is a content sample:**

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Lumley For a time, Church's interpretation, not Hennepin's, was the one to imitate. This vividly illustrated 1873 drawing by Irish cartoonist Arthur Lumley, *Niagara Seen with Different Eyes*, lampoons the social reality of the place. In minute detail, Lumley records from many diverse perspectives Niagara, the nineteenth-century tourist mecca. Clusters of sightseers hold binoculars, newlyweds and lovers gaze at the falls with eyes of wonder, geologists seek to understand the phenomenon, poets and artists to interpret it. A native family takes an improbable stand in the centre foreground.

Against what is now a more Church-influenced than Hennepinesque backdrop, the characters who stand at the brink are no longer only men. (A woman at the top left of the picture, on the brink, overwhelmed, may represent the sentimental novelist so popular at the time.) Two patriots also appear at the base of the falls, just below Hennepin's original vantage point. America's Uncle Sam seems to be pointing out Niagara (like the guides in Kalm's and Hancock's pictures) to Britain's John Bull. Although this drawing was made seven years after Confederation, there are no icons of the new Canadian nation.

Far left: *Niagara Falls, from the American Side* (1867), by Frederic E. Church
Left, top: *Hennepin at Niagara Falls, 1678* (1920), by Charles William Jefferys;
Left, bottom: *Niagara Seen with Different Eyes* (1873), by Arthur Lumley

Jefferys A search for images appropriate to Canada began in the early twentieth century, and in that quest it was not Church's, but Hennepin's Niagara that served as the model. *Hennepin at Niagara Falls, 1678* by illustrator Charles William Jefferys, reconstructed in 1920 the first explorer's dramatic discovery, and claimed the site as part of Canada's story. True to Hennepin, Jefferys's sketch features two immense waterfalls, mountains, and a cross-stream. The man in black robes, Father Hennepin, and his companion La Salle, the leader of the expedition around the Great Lakes, are dressed in appropriate seventeenth-century garb. Jefferys even adds snow, and two sets of footprints, to make the scene more authentic. Yet despite these additions, he still leaves the native guides, interpreters, and porters out of the frame.

In reconstructing the discovery of Niagara Falls, Jefferys was responding as much to Hennepin's historical account (which only mentions natives briefly) as he was to the concerns of his own day. The early decades of the twentieth century in Canada saw a shift in emphasis from an imperial focus to a nationalistic one whose main sources for the story of Canadian nationhood were treaties, constitutions, and other formal documents. Jefferys's reconstruction helped remind Canadians of Niagara's European discoverer, not of the native peoples already present. Fittingly, when the three hundredth anniversary of Hennepin's discovery of Niagara Falls was celebrated in 1978, it was a likeness of Hennepin that was projected in the dark of night onto the luminous backdrop of the Horseshoe Falls. ◘

Linda Revie teaches in the Canadian Studies program at St. Paul's College, University of Waterloo.

Reviews

Featured Books

■ **Alone at Sea: The Adventures of Joshua Slocum**
by Ann Spencer
Doubleday Canada, Toronto, 1998
321 pp., illus., with endpaper maps
$34.95 hardcover

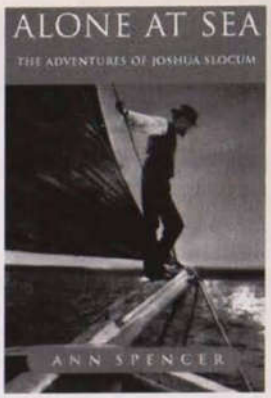
■ **Lines of Country: An Atlas of Railway and Waterway History in Canada**
by Christopher Andreae, maps by Geoffrey Matthews, design by Mark Fram
The Boston Mills Press, Erin, Ontario, 1997
228 pp., $95.00 hardcover

■ **Homeplace: The Making of the Canadian Dwelling Over Three Centuries**
by Peter Ennals and Deryck W. Holdsworth
University of Toronto Press, 1998
305 pp., $24.95 paper

■ **Forgotten Empress**
By David Zeni
Goose Lane Editions, Fredericton, 1998
224 pp., illus., $45.00 hardcover

■ **Titanic: The Canadian Story**
By Alan Hustak
Vehicule Press, Montreal, 1998
176 pp., illus., $17.95 paper

Sail Away



What sort of steely will, inner discipline, and self-confidence was needed to undertake the first solo circumnavigation of the world in an eleven-metre, refitted, former oyster sloop, armed with only a compass, sextant, log (for gauging distance), and some charts? Writer/broadcaster Ann Spencer set out to uncover this in ***Alone at Sea***, the first full-scale biography of Nova Scotia-born Joshua Slocum (b. 1844) in over forty years.

Spencer traces Slocum's life from boyhood on Brier Island in the Bay of Fundy, through his running away to sea at sixteen, finally to become captain of a coasting schooner by age twenty-five. The following year he was oceangoing as a master merchant mariner.

It was Slocum's misfortune to have embraced sail at a time when steam was replacing wind. An undeniable blessing, however, was his first wife, Virginia Walker, a cultured, American-born, twenty-one-year-old he met and married during an 1871 stopover in Australia. The strong-willed, beautiful, capable, courageous Virginia sailed with him for the next thirteen years, bearing seven children in faraway places, losing three, and possessing no other home. Her death in 1884 was in many ways Slocum's undoing, for he never regained the stability that Virginia provided. In 1886, he married in Boston his twenty-four-year-old first cousin, Hettie Elliot, but it was not the same.

To add to his troubles, Slocum had in 1884 lost control of the largest and finest of his vessels, *Northern Light*, a sixty-seven-metre clipper ship of which he was part owner. His next investment and command, the much smaller *Aquidneck*, was lost, uninsured, on a Brazilian sandbar. Broke, stranded, and seemingly at the end of his luck, he jerry-built an awkward-looking hulk from scrap, christened her *Liberdade*, and sailed his family safely to Boston in an epic fifty-five-day, 8,850-kilometre journey.

Despite considerable acclaim for this feat, the forty-five-year-old Slocum faced the problem of what to do next. He had sailed five times around the world, survived mutiny, storms, strandings, and shipboard epidemics (not to mention a trial for the murder of one of his crew), but never received another command. For a time he worked odd jobs around the docks, refusing to "go steam." Talk about midlife crisis, with no cure in sight! Then, miraculously, comes the offer of a derelict, century-old sloop: *Spray*.

The story of the rebuilding of the *Spray*, Joshua Slocum's love affair with her, and his extraordinary three-year solo circumnavigation of the globe makes up the largest and most satisfying part of Spencer's book. Resurrected, man and vessel now spring to life. Setting out from Boston in 1895, he is in no hurry, and glories in every twist and turn that nature takes. Like Slocum, we hear the poetry in the "gossiping" waves, rejoice in the precision of the universe, and marvel at humankind's ability to read its signs. We come to understand that his was a spiritual as well as a physical voyage, and that "there are no infidels at sea."

He becomes deathly ill after eating plums, fends off pirates and thieves, battles fearsome seas, and is six times blown back into the Straits of Magellan, a hellish 640-kilometre passage that took two months. The reader is whipped through such spine-chilling adventures, only to come face to face with "the acute pain of solitude." To keep loneliness at bay, he communes with those who had sailed the same seas centuries before, and takes his companions – a stowaway spider, the man in the moon, a sperm whale – wherever he can.

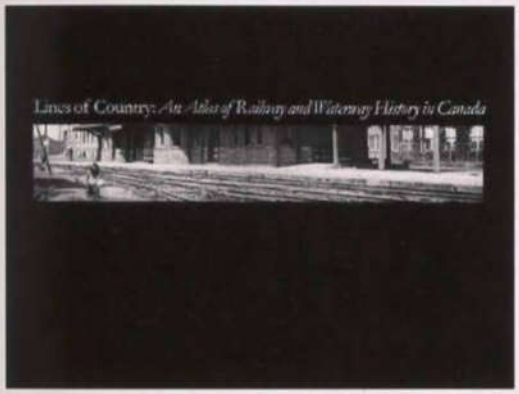
Back home and on land again, this gifted sailor (but difficult man) is no longer at ease with the world or with himself. He struggles on for eleven more years, then boards the *Spray* head-

ed south. He is not heard from again.

There are Joshua Slocum Societies on three continents. His classic *Sailing Alone Around the World* has been translated into six languages and remains in print. He has generated biographies, documentaries, articles, a journal, a newsletter, and a web page. The *Spray* has been replicated numerous times.

Ann Spencer's *Alone at Sea* is good biography, well rounded and well researched – popular history as it should be written.

Reviewed by **Patricia O'Brien,** an independent researcher with an interest in Newfoundland history.



Mapping the Way

Lines of Country is the definitive study of railways and waterways in Canada. It deals with any topic a reader might want to know about these two means of transportation, their history and routes, how they changed the landscape, and how a hiker or history buff might enjoy their remains and ruins today.

Did you know that the first canal lock in Canada built completely of cement is lock 22, built in 1896 on the Trent Canal in central Ontario? Or that the position of licensed pilot in Canada – to guide ships up the St. Lawrence – was established in 1647, but that the first pilot was not actually appointed until 1731? Those details and many more, from ballast to satellites, take the reader to end of part one, called "Building the Lines."

The second section, "Mapping the Lines," deals with railways and waterways in the five main regions of Canada, in addition to close-ups of rail and water transportation in our major cities. For each region, Andreae and his cartographer provide a multitude of maps showing development over time. Here again, the text is stunningly detailed, and the maps are attractive and informative visual aids. In addition, the atlas contains scores of illuminating illustrations and archival photographs set near the appropriate parts of the text. The designer of the atlas deserves special praise.

"Classifying the Lines," the third section, places what is surely every railway and street railway that ever existed in proper categories such as Canadian Pacific, Canadian National, Major Independent Railways, and Railways Under 160 Kilometres.

For such a magisterial study, it is somewhat churlish of a reviewer to point out one or two blemishes. Because of so many fine details, sometimes the reader is left perplexed by the intricate and rather complicated numbering and lettering identification system. I wonder why the cartographer did not use different colours for each major railway line rather than only red. While Andreae has read Richard Tatley's book on Trent, Severn, and Lake Simcoe steamboats, the atlas fails to show the long tradition of Lake Simcoe steamboats, beginning in the 1830s.

To clear up occasional questions concerning dates, ownership, and exact names of street and radial railways controlled by Sir William Mackenzie, the author might have turned to *The Railway King of Canada*, published in 1991. A perusal of *Urban History Review* would have yielded useful articles on street railways. One wonders why the Pinawa hydroelectrical plant, once Winnipeg's largest power source, is never mentioned. The Brazeau Collieries were located at Nordegg, Alberta, not Brazeau, as stated on page 174 and map 177.

Edmonton became capital of Alberta not in 1908, as Andreae claims on page 154, but in 1905, as he correctly states on page 174. Is the repetition of text on pages 162 and 168, plus the near repetition of maps (plates 29 and 31) necessary? The Canadian Pacific did build new track in Maine, contrary to what Andreae appears to claim on page 99. Regina's first electric street railway was indeed launched in 1911, as correctly stated on page 174, but it was not by any means the city's first street railway. Not all waterways in Canada were navigable by canoe as claimed on page 32. And the demise of the all-Canadian water-rail route to the Klondike in 1898, discussed on page 180, was due to politics more than faulty construction.

A few times, believe it or not, I wanted to know more. For instance, where on the Trent Canal would the hiker or historical buff find the aforementioned Lock 22? For a photograph and more information, I consulted James Angus's *A Respectable Ditch*.

These are trifling and, for most readers, unimportant flaws. *Lines of Country* will serve as an excellent reference book for years to come. The author is passionately devoted to his subject, which makes the atlas an even greater pleasure to peruse. According to bookstore owners, it is selling briskly, which proves that there is a market in Canada for a book retailing for $95.

Reviewed by **R. B. Fleming,** a historian and biographer who has studied some of the lines of communication mentioned in the atlas under review.

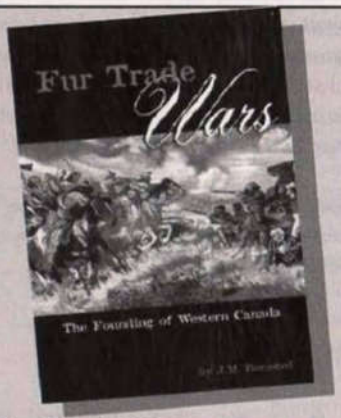
Be It Ever So Humble

Have you ever wondered why the roofs of Quebec houses flare just above the eaves? Or thought about how houses in Newfoundland differ from those in British Columbia? Or pondered the linguistic roots of terms such as *shanty*, *camboose*, and *dingle*? In their fascinating new work, ***Homeplace: The Making of the Canadian Dwelling Over Three Centuries,*** Peter Ennals and Deryck Holdsworth provide answers to these and a multitude of other questions about our domestic heritage.

The mandate of the book is ambi-

tious. In 1981, Ennals and Holdsworth coauthored an essay on vernacular housing in the Maritimes for the journal *Acadiensis*, which has subsequently become a classic. The idea for the book was to set on a national stage the themes originally proposed in the article: ethnic design roots, social class, housing for our resource sectors, and issues of identity.

The book also takes issue with the conceptual categories of traditional architectural history. Geographers by training, Ennals and Holdsworth are clearly frustrated with the exclusivity of a discipline that, well into the 1970s, privileged the buildings of famous architects over those constructed by regular folk. As interpreters of the broader cultural landscape rather than the architectural masterpiece, Ennals and Holdsworth are far more interested in ordinary digs than in mansions. They have thus attempted to produce what they describe on page 13 as a more "balanced approach to the study of housing form in Canada."



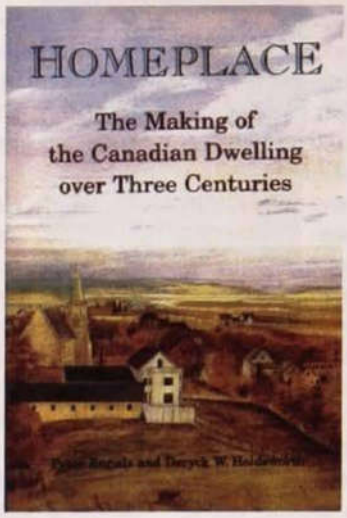
Fur Trade Wars
The Founding of Western Canada
By J.M. Bumsted
224 pp $19.95 pb ISBN 1-894283-03-1

This dramatic account of the titanic struggle between the HBC and NWC for control of the lucrative fur trade reveals the violent origins of Western Canada's settlement.

Distributed by GDS

GREAT PLAINS PUBLICATIONS

Be warned. *Homeplace* is no haven for newcomers to these prickly academic debates. The authors spend considerable time and verbiage establishing a sophisticated theoretical context for their bottom-up approach. Their framework is heavily influenced by the ideas of American and British folklorists and geographers, especially Henry Glassie and Ronald Brunskill. And Ennals and Holdsworth argue at length for the conceptual division of Canadian homes into four distinct types: polite, folk, vernacular, and gang. Whereas most scholars of ordinary buildings would lump "folk" and "vernacular" together, Ennals and Holdsworth argue that vernacular should instead occupy a middle ground between polite (academic, high-style) and folk (built of local materials, based on oral traditions).



Once this conceptual scaffolding has been erected, the authors construct the argument that from the 1650s to the 1920s there was a general dwindling of the folk tradition, and an escalation in the production of so-called vernacular forms in Canada. In their selection of houses to illustrate this change over time, Ennals and Holdsworth emphasize social and economic factors in housing, rather than formal or aesthetic ones. For example, they see the revolutionary change from the one-storey Cape Cod cottage to the more elaborate storey-and-a-half house in Atlantic Canada as deriving from changes in stove technology, rather than a widespread cultural appetite for symmetry, as others have argued.

The most disappointing part of *Homeplace* is the flimsiness of its documentary foundations. Its authors rely substantially on the work of Glassie, who is well known for his exquisite measured drawings and general insistence on careful fieldwork. But the images included in *Homeplace* lack the rigour of the American folklorist's plans and elevations (see *Folk Housing in Middle Virginia*) and the precision of his detailed interior perspectives (see *Passing the Time in Ballymenone*). Instead, most of the illustrations in *Homeplace* are cartoonlike, rather romantic perspectives by Ennals. The plans in the book include no indication of scale, nor are there photographs or construction details. Perhaps most surprising, given the special interest of the authors in collective living, no documentation on site context is included.

Homeplace is, nevertheless, an impressive and provocative look at the places we Canadians call home. It will most certainly inspire readers to look at their domestic environments in stimulating new ways. And it may even help us to begin dismantling the assumptions of traditional architectural history in Canada, with its emphasis on great architects and their design genius and its tendency to ignore ordinary people and places. In this way, *Homeplace* is a bold and refreshing contribution to a field that has seen few challenges on this scale. In contrast to most histories of architecture in Canada, we can all feel at home here.

Reviewed by **Annmarie Adams**, associate professor at the School of Architecture, McGill University. She is coeditor of *Perspectives in Vernacular Architecture*, a series of books published for the Vernacular Architecture Forum by the University of Tennessee Press.

That Sinking Feeling

While the *Titanic*'s sinking has been reported in microscopic detail, little is known about the *Empress*, and ***Forgotten Empress*** is the first comprehensive book on the tragedy in twenty years. A total of 1,012 lives were lost when the *Empress* sank, and it remains to this day one of the worst sea disasters.

THE BEAVER BOOK CLUB

THE BEAVER BOOK CLUB offers a convenient way to obtain selected Canadian books–primarily those dealing with historical or biographical subjects–at significant savings. Selection may vary with each issue of *The Beaver.*

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The story of Canada's native people, told for the first time in one comprehensive volume by a leading Canadian historian. A fascinating chronicle that spans 12,000 years, ending with today's events and issues surrounding Canada's native people. 416 pp., 150 B & W images, 32 colour pages. Publisher's List Prices $45. (cloth) / $35. (paper);
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MEN AGAINST THE DESERT *by James H. Gray*
This book tells of the triumph over circumstances in Alberta's Palliser Triangle desert district during the Dirty Thirties. Gray considers it "the greatest Canadian success story since the completion of the CPR." 288 pp., photos.

THE BOY FROM WINNIPEG *by James H. Gray*
Gray's award-winning account of growing up in early 20th-century Winnipeg and the events, such as the Winnipeg General Strike, that helped shape and define his early years. 256 pp., illus.

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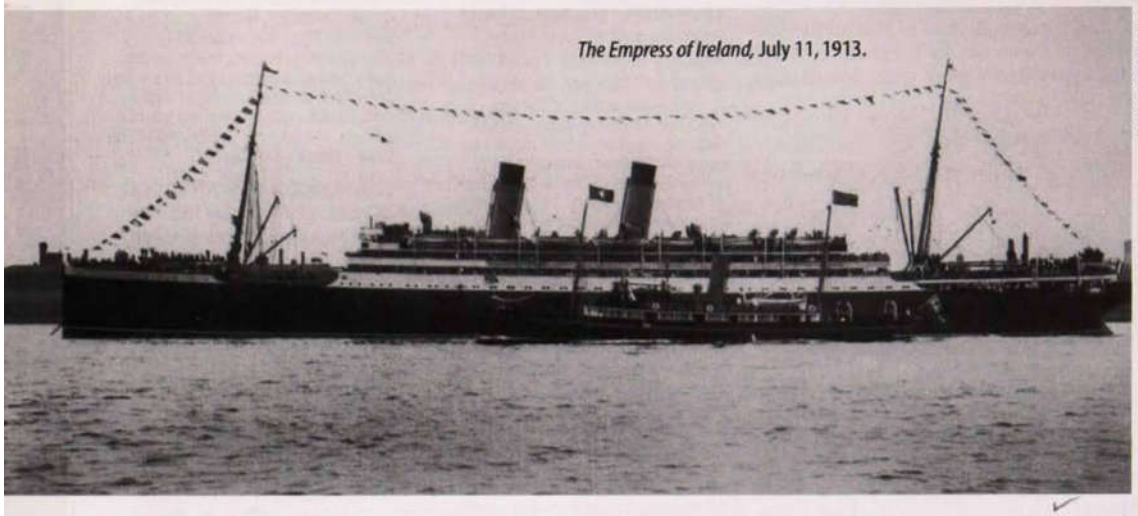
The *Empress* does not have the drama of the *Titanic*'s sinking, nor is it the subject of countless films and books – or excessive hype. It carried ordinary people, unlike the *Titanic*'s millionaires. The *Empress* was not a leviathan, nor did it ply the popular route to New York. There were enough lifeboats for all onboard and it was not a maiden voyage. Three months later, when the First World War broke out, the tragedy quickly faded from memory. The death toll from the *Empress* disaster paled in comparison to the wholesale slaughter wrought by modern warfare.



The Empress of Ireland, July 11, 1913.

CANADIAN PACIFIC ARCHIVES

David Zeni, a marine historian from Provincetown, Massachusetts, provides the most thorough record yet on the sinking of the *Empress*, a 14,141-ton Canadian Pacific liner bound for Liverpool. The ship collided with the Norwegian collier *Storstad* and sank in the St. Lawrence River off Father Point, near Rimouski, on May 29, 1914. More passengers (but less crew) were lost on the *Empress* than the *Titanic*, when the vessel foundered in only fourteen minutes.

Zeni includes an excessive amount of detail on peripheral issues and his predisaster history of the ship is spotty. He never fully explains, for instance, why CP passenger ships were registered in England and crewed by Britons. But the author has a folksy writing style, and he effectively juxtaposes the chaos of the *Empress*'s death throes with the orderly response to the collision on the *Storstad*. The federal government's inquiry into the sinking, chaired by Britain's Lord Mersey, is especially well considered. Zeni includes an overview in both words and images of underwater dives to the wreck and makes note of the Quebec government's April 1998 designation of it as a historic site.

It is unfortunate that the definitive book on the *Empress* was not penned by a Canadian, although this does not diminish Zeni's efforts. He has an extensive background in ocean-liner research and a good understanding of Canada. Unfortunately, the Gulf of St. Lawrence comes off poorly. The dust jacket erroneously claims the disaster occurred in the Gulf while a map of the eastern seaboard inside the book inexplicably places it off Nova Scotia. *Forgotten Empress* features superb photographs and contains a complete passenger manifest compiled by British ocean-liner historian Geoff Whitfield.

Alan Hustak's ***Titanic: The Canadian Story*** is the first book devoted exclusively to the fate of the 130 passengers travelling to Canada aboard the White Star luxury liner in April 1912. Hustak has relied on contacts from both sides of the Atlantic to write this fascinating and highly readable volume. He gives a devastating account of Hudson Allison's family from Montreal, who perished trying to find son Trevor after the iceberg collision. Unknown to them, nanny Alice Cleaver and the young boy had been placed in a lifeboat and lowered to safety. Toronto's Major Arthur Peuchen, a vice-commodore of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, survived only because he volunteered to help command a lifeboat when no crew could be found. Grand Trunk Railway president Charles Melville Hays died on the same night he warned fellow first-class passengers that an appalling sea disaster would occur if the major shipping lines continued to build bigger and faster ships.

Hustak has a smooth writing style reminiscent of Walter Lord, author of *A Night to Remember*, the 1950s bestseller on the tragedy. Like Lord, he has woven together a journalist's flair for urgency with impressive historical research. Many previously unpublished photographs are included.

This book is not without fault. In a nutshell, Hustak needs a better editor. Numerous factual and editing errors detract from the otherwise solid text. Hustak claims Robert Ballard, the American marine scientist who discovered the ship in 1985, is Canadian. He says Cobh, the *Titanic*'s last port of call in Ireland, was later renamed Queenstown. It is actually the reverse. Another unfortunate error, particularly for a journalist like Hustak, is referring to Carr Van Anda, the legendary managing editor of the *New York Times*, which broke the news of the sinking in America, as Carl Van Anda. This is particularly ironic as it was the *Montreal Gazette*, where Hustak is a features writer, that provided the news to the *Times*. Hopefully any future edition of the book will correct the mistakes.

Hustak and Zeni write passionately about shipping disasters occurring only two years apart. Although Hustak is sloppy at times and Zeni includes too many irrelevant facts, their books are gripping, and the authors fill in a gaping hole in Canada's maritime history.

Reviewed by Ottawa lawyer **Gavin Murphy**, a long-time ocean-liner enthusiast who lectures on the *Titanic*.

CHRIS RAIBLE

Booknotes

Every issue of the *Beaver* confirms that biography, as Canadian historian J.R. Miller once commented, is "the most accessible path into the study of the past." Life stories revive the dead past, as a number of recent books well demonstrate.

The values and prejudices of John Graves Simcoe, the first lieutenant governor of Upper Canada, helped set the cultural attitudes of the province and, by extension, of our whole country: loyalty, order, religion, along with elitism, government paternalism, and anti-Americanism. *John Graves Simcoe 1752–1806*, a new full-length biography (the first in three quarters of a century) is a joint Canadian-English venture. Professional historian Mary Beacock Fryer (whose previous works include lives of Simcoe's wife, Elizabeth Posthuma Simcoe, and of their son Francis) provided the Canadian perspective, while Christopher Dracott, a retired Scotland Yard inspector, researched many details of Simcoe's life in England. The book is a straightforward telling of Simcoe's story, valuable in its strong focus on family and personal life, disappointing in its lack of emphasis on his part in the political dramas of the day. Simcoe was at times heroic and visionary, but he was also autocratic, insensitive, and unrealistic.

The subject of a new full-length biography, *Mary Ann Shadd Cary*, was the first black North American newspaperwoman. She edited and published the *Provincial Freeman*, begun in Toronto in 1853 and continued for seven years in Chatham. In that dangerous decade prior to the American Civil War, she actively encouraged American blacks – freemen and slaves – to follow her example and emigrate to Canada. She travelled widely in the northern states, promoting emigration as an alternative to abolition. Among her Canadian critics, as this superb biography well documents, were not only white racists, but also black males. One competing black editor called her "a designing individual whose duplicity is sufficient to prove a genealogical descent from the serpent ... in the Garden of Eden." When the war erupted, she recruited black men from both sides of the border to join the Union Army. After the war, like many others of her people, she returned to the United States, but she did not cease life as an aggressive social activist, working for women's rights, better education, and temperance. Although written from an American perspective, hers is also very much a Canadian story and a part of our country's history. I hope it will also be published softbound, for it deserves a wide readership.

Samuel Weir, Q.C., the subject of *The Consummate Canadian*, was the ultimate egotist, brilliant in his legal career, pitiable in his personal life. He achieved fame and fortune in London, Ontario, as a lawyer for insurance companies and as an investor in stocks and real estate. He fought with his family and his colleagues, never, apparently, finding much joy in his fellow human beings. His greatest pleasure came from the art he avidly acquired, eventually assembling the extraordinary collection now housed in the Queenston gallery he created and endowed. (The book includes twenty-six colour plates and many black and white photos.) The biography is a trifle confusing and even disjointed, sketching the life of a not particularly attractive character. An opinionated bully, a rich man who avoids taxes by establishing his residence in the Cayman Islands, is a *consummate* Canadian? So much for peace, order, and good government! But Weir's – and the book's – saving grace is the collection of art, much of it of historical as well as aesthetic value. (The cover painting of the Battle of

Books Cited

- *John Graves Simcoe 1752–1806: A Biography*
  By Mary Beacock Fryer and Christopher Dracott. Dundurn Press, 1998. 228 pages. $22.99 paper.
- *Mary Ann Shadd Cary: The Black Press and Protest in the Nineteenth Century*
  By Jane Rhodes. Indiana University Press, 1998. 284 pages. US $39.95 hardcover.
- *The Consummate Canadian: A Biography of Samuel E. Weir*
  By Mary Willan Mason. Natural Heritage / Natural History, 1999. 312 pages. $29.95 paper.
- *Stefansson and the Canadian Arctic*
  By Richard J. Diubaldo. McGill-Queen's University Press, 1999 (originally published 1978). 276 pages. $22.95 paper.
- *Sam Steele: Lion of the Frontier*
  By Robert Stewart. Centax Books, 1999 (originally published 1979). 313 pages. $55.95 hardcover.
- *My Dearest Wife: The Private and Public Lives of James David Edgar and Matilda Ridout Edgar*
  By Maud J. McLean and Robert M. Stamp. Natural Heritage / Natural History, 1998. 297 pages. $21.95 paper.
- *W.L. Mackenzie King: A Bibliography and Research Guide*
  Compiled by George F. Henderson. University of Toronto Press, 1998. 367 pages. $95.00 hardcover.
- *Honour Due: The Story of Leonora Howard King*
  By Margaret Negodaeff-Tomsik. Canadian Medical Association, 1999. 236 pages. $24.95 paper.
- *A Colonial Advocate: The Launching of his Newspaper and the Queenston Career of William Lyon Mackenzie*
  By Chris Raible. Curiosity House, Creemore, 1999. 70 pages. $12.95 paper.
- *Dictionary of Canadian Biography, Volume XIV 1911–1920*. University of Toronto Press, 1998. 1247 pages. $100 hardcover.

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Several other biographies deserve brief notice. *Stefansson and the Canadian Arctic* has, at last, been reissued, enabling many new readers to make up their own minds about a fascinating and complex Northern pioneer. *Sam Steele: Lion of the Frontier* is also a reissue of a lavishly illustrated book which, as the title suggests, lionizes its subject. *My Dearest Wife* uses private letters to detail the personal lives of a Toronto turn-of-the-last-century very public couple: he, James David Edgar, a lawyer and politician; she, Matilda Ridout Edgar, a hostess and historian. *Honour Due* relates an extraordinary (but true) tale, that of a Canadian woman who, denied access to medical school here, studied in Michigan and went on to become the first Canadian doctor to work in China. *W.L. Mackenzie King* is not a biography but a bibliography and research guide to works by and works about King, arguably our best (and certainly our most written about) prime minister. I also dare mention my own just published work: *A Colonial Advocate*, my second book on William Lyon Mackenzie, this one focusing on his newspaper career in Queenston, a prologue to the rest of his controversial life.

Anyone who delves to any depth into our history soon becomes familiar with the monumental, magnificent series, the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*. The most recent volume chronicles more than six hundred persons who died from 1911–1920. Something of its scope is suggested by the first four entries: Aatsista-Mahkan (Running Rabbit), a Blackfoot warrior and chief; Anderson Ruffin Abbott, a black physician and hospital administrator; Graeme Mercer Adam, publisher and author (much of his work in Canadian history); and Annie Emma Affleck (Lady Thomson) a homemaker and politician's wife. Understandably, *DCB* entries vary in length, from a few brief paragraphs to the nineteen-page treatment of Sir Wilfrid Laurier (which is very fine indeed). The articles in this volume – and the many, many I've consulted in the previous thirteen – are without exception lively as well as informative.

Allez ouest, monsieur

Soon, from the comfort of your home or office, you will be able to join the legendary Jacques Cartier, Samuel de Champlain, Jean Nicolet, Louis Jolliet, La Vérendrye, and their intrepid contemporaries as they leave New France and explore the New World. You need only lift a finger – to access a website or activate a CD-ROM.

This ambitious, two-part popular history project entitled "La Nouvelle-France – Sur la route des explorateurs / New France – On the trail of the great explorers," is from Edirom, based in Montreal, a multimedia publisher of interactive CD-ROMs and websites. The first phase will consist of a French-language website and CD-ROM on early French explorers in what is now Quebec linked to tourist sites in *la belle province*. The website will be online by the end of June, and the French-language CD-ROM will be available by the end of the summer. English versions will follow at a later date, as yet unspecified. Phase two will involve French explorers and their journeys throughout the North American continent, including Acadia and western Canada.

The Society is pleased to be one of the supporters of the project, which has a budget of over $300,000 and has received support from government and other private sources.

For further information on La Nouvelle-France, please contact Edirom Inc.; 384, rue Laurier Ouest, Montreal, Quebec H2V 2K7; telephone (514) 272-4363; fax (514) 272-8609.

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Board Walks

At the Society's sixth annual meeting in June, E. James Arnett of Montreal and Charles Hou of Vancouver were elected to the board for a three-year term.

Jim Arnett Q.C. is president and chief executive officer of the Molson Companies. Born, raised, and educated in Winnipeg, he describes himself as "a continuing student of Canadian history." Prior to joining Molson, Mr. Arnett was a partner in the Canadian law firm of Stikeman and Elliot from 1973 to 1991, heading its corporate and commercial division since 1980. Mr. Arnett now works for a firm which itself has a long and distinguished history, having been founded in 1786.

Charles Hou teaches history at Burnaby South School in Burnaby, B.C. An author of history and educational books and founder of the Begbie Contest (a bilingual Canadian history

quiz for grade 11 students in B.C.), Mr. Hou has won many awards for his dedicated, imaginative work in the classroom, including the Hilroy Award of Great Merit. Mr. Hou was the first recipient of the Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History, an initiative of the Society established in 1996.

Brian Grose and Rolph Huband were reelected to the Board for another term.

William Nobleman has retired from the Board, having served his maximum term. Mr. Nobleman has been associated with the *Beaver* since the early 1980s and is one of the Society's founding directors.

A Meeting for Like Minds

The Society will host a conference for provincial historical societies February 18–20, 2000, in Toronto. Two representatives from the principal historical society in each province and territory will be invited to attend as guests of the Society. Seldom do such organizations have the opportunity to meet face-to-face, exchange ideas and opinions, consider common issues, and network. The Society and its invited guests are looking forward to this rare get-together. Not quite a millennial occasion, but close.

Museum Profile

Built in 1895, **Dalnavert Museum** is one of the finest examples of Queen Anne Revival architecture in Canada, and a National Historic Site. It is the restored home of Sir Hugh John Macdonald, premier of Manitoba in 1900. Like similar homes of the period, Dalnavert is opulently decorated with luxurious wood panelling and stained glass windows, and is full of treasured objects.

This summer Dalnavert is presenting a special exhibit WISH YOU WERE HERE: HISTORIC SOUVENIRS OF WINNIPEG. Dalnavert is taking a different approach than many museums by looking at souvenirs available to Winnipeg visitors in days gone by. As tourists, we seek out souvenirs that capture a significant feature of a community to serve as a reminder of our visit. The images on the postcards, plates, napkin rings, and other objects in this exhibit can tell us what earlier Winnipeggers felt was significant about their city. The exhibit, which began in mid-June, will run until mid-September.

Open year round, guided tours are included in the cost of admission. Free parking is available at the rear of the museum, and there is a gift shop.

Dalnavert Museum
61 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba R3C 1N7
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- Dalnavert Museum, Winnipeg
- Manitoba Museum of Man and Nature, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, QC
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

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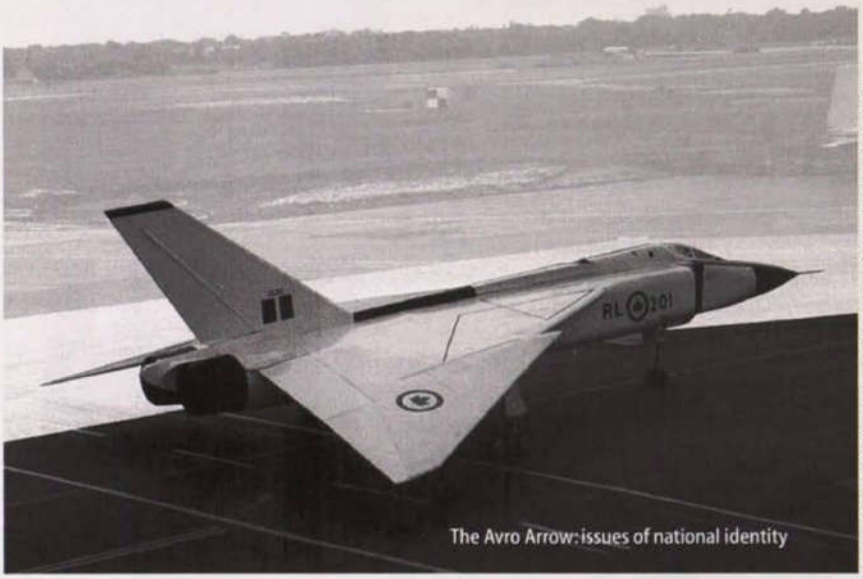
CHRISTOPHER **Moore**

What *Is* It About the Avro Arrow?



The Avro Arrow: issues of national identity

WESTERN CANADA AVIATION MUSEUM, WINNIPEG, MB / BEVERLY FALLON PHOTOGRAPHER / PHOTO ARCHIVIST

A-2

"I think I can remember, as a very young kid in Toronto, having the memory of a delta-wing aircraft flying overhead." Palmiro Campagna's bond to the Avro Arrow goes far back. Today as a Defence Department engineer in Ottawa, Campagna is deeply involved in aviation issues. By virtue of his book *Storms of Controversy: The Secret Avro Arrow Files Revealed*, which has sold some 15,000 copies in four editions over seven years, he also stands among the leading historians of the ill-fated aircraft.

As an aircraft project, the Avro Arrow crashed and burned forty years ago, when John Diefenbaker's government cancelled it and 14,000 aircraft builders were flung out of work. But as a stimulant for historical speculation, the Arrow flies higher than ever.

Devotees of the doomed delta-wing aircraft declare that the fall of the Arrow did not just kill a world-beating high-technology development. In Campagna's phrase, "the heart and soul of the nation were destroyed." A popular CBC television movie, starring Dan Ackroyd and Sara Botsford, offered that message in January 1997. Today scores of Avro Arrow websites spread the message of a brilliant aircraft lost, a national treasure squandered.

Not everyone agrees. In fact, the authors of Canada's history texts have consistently dismissed the Arrow. They call it "technologically flawed" and "hopelessly extravagant." They dismiss the Avro Corporation's aviation pursuits as waste and folly. Whatever their perspective on the government of John Diefenbaker, academic scholars such as Michael Bliss, Jack Granatstein, Desmond Morton, and Jack Bumsted agree that the politically poisonous Arrow decision was one that Dief got essentially right.

The Arrow, by setting "historians" against devotees, also turns devotees into historians. Few academic scholars have written much about the Arrow, but its devotees – sometimes called "Arrowheads" – have produced a shelf of books admiring of the plane and furiously dismissive of scholarly historians.

Palmiro Campagna believes he has shown the Arrow was a great plane, efficient and innovative and cost-effective, tailor-made for a vital military role. He sees in it both high ambitions and limitless possibilities, and he denounces historians who disagree as giving young Canadians false and misguided impressions of their history. "I found the historians made statements about technological problems, cost problems, without any references to support them," he told me recently. "When I made access requests, it was obvious the papers were there and that they had not been looked at."

In the absence of detailed scholarship by the Arrow's critics, Campagna's case looks persuasive. To prove the Arrow's technological prowess, he cites flight reports and quality tests. To establish cost-effectiveness, he reproduces financial documents. "I've got audit reports," he says. "From the first proposal to the cancellation, the cost about doubled – and that is not bad,

comparatively. They certainly were not spiralling out of control as time went on."

Have the Arrow devotees undermined the professional historians simply by going to the historical sources? In part they have, says Russell Isinger, a young scholar at the University of Saskatchewan who has researched the Arrow cancellation. Isinger, now working with his colleague Donald Storey on a major scholarly study of the subject, agrees that scholars failed to do the work.

"The historians seem to say, in effect, that it is so self-evident that they hardly have to go into it, that there is no question that the Arrow had to be cancelled. That has left the field open for fans of the Arrow to argue other points of view."

Isinger also supports the Arrow devotees on the quality issue. "Technologically, I think the historians have gone too far in their criticisms. Everything suggests they were developing a superb aircraft. Avro and Orenda had solved a lot of aerospace problems. Bumps aside, I think it's true that Canada could have gone ahead and had the best fighter plane in the world."

Yet in the end, Isinger offers little to please an Arrowhead. "My conclusion is that the academics' blanket statements, even though they have been poorly backed up with documentation, are right."

For Isinger, the fall of the Arrow was a matter of cost above all. "Everyone in government was just floored at the cost. Seven-hundred-and-fifty million dollars had paid for 692 CF100 Canuck fighters [early in the 1950s]. That would not even cover the development cost on the Arrow. You have to ask: would you cancel Medicare to pay for a hundred fighter jets? Because Dief was getting into the beginnings of medical insurance programs, and that was the kind of choice they had to face."

Cost estimates alone will never end the Arrow controversy. The Arrow touches issues of national identity that are as alive in the 1990s as they were in the 1950s. It prefigures in supersonic fashion the story of Eaton's stores, Winnipeg Jets, Canadian magazines, and every distinctive Canadian tradition undermined by globalization and "the realities of the marketplace." The Arrow is a 1950s mirror for debates on the meaning of free trade.

As a historical investigator, Palmiro Campagna tends to be something of a conspiracy theorist. If the Arrow died, there must be a bad guy with a smoking gun. So *Storms of Controversy* highlights documents that point to CIA intrigue, Canadian stooges, and insidious Pentagon influences through which the best plane in the world was scrapped and an inferior American model took its place.

The historians, I think, have read the big picture better. In the 1950s, as integrated air-defence systems for North America were being created, most of the money, most of the planning, and virtually all the technology was American. The space for independent initiatives, by junior partners who could not shoulder phenomenal costs alone, was vanishing. The historians tend to accept that in that environment there was no room for a high-performance Canadian fighter jet, even if it was the best ever.

Isinger thinks the Arrow controversy may fade. "The newer Arrow groups, they just love the plane. They don't feel the need to say that Canada was betrayed and there was a great failure." If it had been bought, he says, it might be remembered "as one of the great Canadian boondoggles, putting billions of dollars into a handful of fighter jets."

Palmiro Campagna doesn't see it that way. "I grew up with the notion if it is Canadian, it cannot be any good. Something there was rooted in what happened in 1959." Arrowheads still dream of finding one of the aircraft, an Avro Anastasia, somehow saved from destruction. Meanwhile, the controversy seems destined to thrive. How can it not, when it raises the great questions: what is possible for Canada in the shadow of the United States? What is the fate of a small nation in a big world?

Palmiro Campagna's *Storms of Controversy: The Secret Avro Arrow Files Revealed* is published by Stoddart. Russell Isinger and Donald Storey's research toward a new study of the Avro Arrow continues.

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Album

Hugh J. Anderson, who submitted this photo to the *Beaver*, is the nephew of the late George Murray, below, second from right. He lives in St. John's, Newfoundland.

Labour Day The float looks like a grand eruption of the cake decorator's art, but that could hardly be. No sweet cream icing is flowing down, though it's a sunny day in early September. The decorative vines and flowers, shields and gargoyle heads are, rather, expressions of the tinsmith's art. By the end of the nineteenth century, when this photograph was taken, virtually every household utensil was made of tin. Indeed, the introduction of new technology and the adoption of that technology by the tinsmith in the 1820s and 1830s – the early years of the Industrial Revolution – allowed the emergent middle class to afford and enjoy a range of items traditionally reserved for the upper classes. But the same burgeoning world of science and technology that created new applications for tin and more work for tinsmiths, also undid the craft. Prefabrication led to the machine manufacturing of complete items by the 1890s, and tinsmiths turned their skills to the heating, plumbing, and roofing trades. Scottish-born George Murray (second from right) was twenty years old and apprenticed with a Winnipeg tinsmithing firm when this picture was taken on Labour Day, 1898, but like other tinsmiths in changing times, he eventually adapted his abilities to the sheet-metal business. During his career he installed much of the metal countertops and ventilation ducts in a number of well-known restaurants in downtown Winnipeg. He started his own firm in 1933 and died in 1949. Labour Day carries on, meanwhile. Parliament recognized the day officially in 1894 (though Canadian labour had been organizing parades and rallies since the 1870s). Only Canada and the United States honour labour in September, however. Elsewhere May 1 is the day of observance. ◘

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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8:00 AM	SENSE OF HISTORY					ECCE HOMO	STRUGGLE FOR DEMOCRACY
8:30 AM	WAY WE WERE						
9:00 AM	SKETCHES OF OUR TOWN					STRUGGLE FOR DEMOCRACY	TURNING POINTS
9:30 AM	SKETCHES OF OUR TOWN						
10:00 AM	FRONT PAGE CHALLENGE					HISTORY PRESENTS	U-BOATS
10:30 AM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY						NUCLEAR SHARKS
11:00 AM	COMBAT						SCORCHED EARTH
11:30 AM							
12:00 PM	RAT PATROL					U-BOATS	THE GREAT WAR
12:30 PM	SPIES					NUCLEAR SHARKS	
1:00 PM	HISTORY PRESENTS	U-BOATS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	500 NATIONS	AMERICAN CINEMA
1:30 PM		NUCLEAR SHARKS					
2:00 PM		TURNING POINTS				WESTERN MATINEE	HISTORY ON FILM
2:30 PM							
3:00 PM	THE CANADIANS	SCORCHED EARTH					
3:30 PM			IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY				
4:00 PM	A CENTURY OF WARFARE						
4:30 PM						RAT PATROL	GREAT MYTHS
5:00 PM	COMBAT					SECRETS OF WWII	THE UNTOUCHABLES
5:30 PM							
6:00 PM	THE WAY WE WERE					TURNING POINTS	TURNING POINTS
6:30 PM	RAT PATROL						
7:00 PM	SPIES					THE UNTOUCHABLES	THE CANADIANS
7:30 PM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY						
8:00 PM	DESTINATION: HISTORY					AMERICAN CINEMA	ADVENTURE SUNDAYS
8:30 PM							
9:00 PM	HISTORY PRESENTS	U-BOATS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	
9:30 PM		NUCLEAR SHARKS					
10:00 PM		TURNING POINTS					
10:30 PM							
11:00 PM	THE CANADIANS	SCORCHED EARTH					
11:30 PM			IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY				
12:00 AM	HISTORY PRESENTS	U-BOATS	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	HISTORY ON FILM	
12:30 AM		NUCLEAR SHARKS					
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1:30 AM							
2:00 AM	THE CANADIANS	SCORCHED EARTH					
2:30 AM			IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY				
3:00 AM	RAT PATROL					HISTORYLANDS	
3:30 AM	SPIES					GREAT MYTHS	
4:00 AM	DESTINATION: HISTORY					AMERICAN CINEMA	
4:30 AM							
5:00 AM	A CENTURY OF WARFARE					500 NATIONS	
5:30 AM							
6:00 AM	COMBAT					SCORCHED EARTH	CABLE IN THE CLASSROOM
6:30 AM							
7:00 AM	IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY					TURNING POINTS	TURNING POINTS
7:30 AM	THE WAY WE WERE						

Program changes may occur.

DESTINATION: HISTORY

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